

SHE MADE HIM HER

**SHE MALE  
SECRETARY**  
**2**



Janice Wildflower  
**GEMINI**



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# SHE MADE HIM HER SHEMALE SECRETARY

## Book 2

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

### Chapter 8:

#### Mrs. L. Helps Me Along and Introduces Me to Girlish Things

Now as much as Mrs. L. warned me about stopping when I brought up problems I was having, or what I took to be problems she really did not push me to stop unless I brought up my situation. Otherwise she seemed quite happy with my company for meals and evenings. She had cleaned out my apartment of all the food that was there and made sure I did not bring any home with me, all for my own good of course, and I had all my meals with her.

After dinner we would relax together, at first watching television and eventually engaging in some feminine activities. Slowly but surely she introduced me to those feminine skills. After all it was only fair, she explained, since she was now doing the cooking for me.

It all started out simple enough. Despite my early experience dressed as a girl in front of Mrs. L., I would usually not only appear so, but would actually remove my female support garments as soon as I got home as to continue my pretense of wearing them only because I had been forced to do so. Then all of a sudden Mrs. L became insistent that I remain in my feminine finery under my outer male clothes even at home, so I would become used to moving around in those constraining garments and appearing natural in them, as to avoid detection.

Nothing could have pleased me more. The clothing had become such a turn on and I was getting so comfortable wearing woman's underwear, despite the constriction in the waste that I was fast

reaching a stage at which I never wanted to return to my boring male undergarments.

I came home one evening after a day of having been out of the office running errands and was so turned on by a day of parading around outside of the office while wearing lady's underwear beneath my male attire that I felt I just had to go to my love pillow and take care of business, I was so uncomfortable. My maleness was just so full and uncomfortable. Once home, since I had started spending my evenings with Mrs. L., I would usually stop off to tell Mrs. L. I was home and make some small talk about my day. But this time I was obviously in hurry and started to leave having made few pleasantries.

Mrs. L. asked, "What's the hurry, Robin. You haven't told me anything about your day. Aren't we being just a bit hurry-some?" Not wishing to give an inkling of the truth I lied and told her that I was in a rush to get out of my girdle. Mrs. L told me, "Absolutely not. If it is getting uncomfortable that is because you aren't in it enough hours of the day and things will only get worse if you continue to rush out of it when you get home. No. If you insist on continuing this adventure of yours, you must wear it and all you feminine finery until you find it so natural that you don't even realize it is on. I should have known better and stopped this changing out of your girdle and girl things right away. It's just that I did not think you would or could keep this up for so long."

"One, I can tell the more you change in and out of your support garments the more difficult it becomes to last the day in them. It is only a natural situation. Also you should realize that if you changed back and forth it will soon become too difficult to remain natural while wearing the corselet and gartered nylons and having the bra of your corselet against your chest. You will start to get even more uncomfortable in them that you feel now and you will start pulling on them for relief and those actions will be so unnatural for a guy that they will give you away.

And two, there is also always that chance that you will start to get some sort of kick out of your, let's say, feminine finery if it becomes something you are just wearing occasionally, so that the feel of it is somewhat unusual and you associate it with a particular event, such as being suppressed by a woman boss. Yes, there are cases of young fellows forced to occasionally wear panties as punishments who then learn to love wearing silky feminine lingerie, and girl's under things become almost a fetish for such guys. Then in certain situations resembling the situation that got them in panties to begin with, those guys develop an uncontrollable desire to wear panties again. While guys who have been forced to spend prolonged time in girl's lovelies usually become so embarrassed by the fact that they

never get enamored with the clothing and are relieved when the punishment ends and they get out of those girlie things.”

“Gee,” I said, “frightening. We can’t allow that to happen. I’d be trapped for life.” But I thought it was already too late for me. But I could not tell that to my landlady.

Mrs. L. continued, “Now I insist you stay right here in your lady’s support garments and tell me about your day. In fact you can help me make dinner. You should find standing and peeling carrots more comfortable than sitting, if your girdle is so uncomfortable.” And with that she slipped that frilly apron over my head and knotted it in a big bow on my back, I was so taken aback that I didn’t even make an attempt to stop her.

However, I did argue with her a bit, but knew I just wanted to give in. I loved that idea. I never wanted to take my lingerie off, except for those brief times of guilt and regret, which passed very quickly. I just did not want Mrs. L. to know that embarrassing fact. I made no effort to remove the apron.

Finally Mrs. L. put her finger over my mouth the way a mother would shush a child. She asked me, “Are you going to continue playing this little game with your boss? Or are you going to tell her the truth or at least the half-truth and back out gracefully or ungracefully out of this mess into which you’ve gotten yourself?”

I did not want to give up the lingerie but of course did not want my landlady to know that, I would be so terribly embarrassed, and so I had to equivocate sort of indicating I wanted to but was afraid to confront my boss about the issue. “After all” I rationalized to Mrs. L., “the boss spent so much money on me she would really be pissed if I stopped wearing these things. They are all gifts from her.”

Mrs. L. came back with, “I am sure this is just a joke that got out of hand. An expensive joke, but a joke none the less, and if you approach it in that fashion and perhaps offer to make good on your bosses loss than she should not hold a grudge.”

I could not agree as, one, I did not want to pay back my boss for the cost of all the lingerie she had gotten me, and two, I did not want to stop wearing it. So again I responded in a fashion indicating I was afraid to broach the boss on the subject and that I was sure the boss was serious about the entire matter, even though I knew it had indeed started out as a joke, and that I would just have to endure with the situation as it was and bear up no matter how unbearable it might be.

At that point Mrs. L. put her foot down and restricted me to feminine undergarments, no choice on my part. "Well then, if you truly feel you must continue with this masquerade, I will have to protect you from yourself. Now don't you dare fight me on this! I will be terribly hurt! There will be no more of this changing back and forth between men's underwear and your girl's lingerie. No more men's underwear for you until you do give up on this silly game. You just have to stay in lingerie all the time or you will give yourself away or worse you may just learn to like this dressing in girl's underwear just too much, and I cannot let you do that to yourself. Perhaps on weekends, but I am not even sure about that. I am going up to your rooms and removing any male undergarments there as to protect you from yourself and remove all temptation. You just have to stay in female lingerie 24-7 until you can deal with your boss about it. No halfway measures you know. Now you are to stay here and continue peeling carrots and I don't want a word of objection. It is for your own good. If you fight me on this I just don't know what you might force to do."

Of course I told her, "Isn't this a bit extreme?" And of course she told me, "Not at all and I think I may know what is best for a boy in a matter like this. Don't ask me how I know, but I do know."

Well I certainly did not want to give up my lingerie. It was becoming a dream come true. I had never dreamed that I would be wearing the feminine garments that I had admired so and had been so attracted to, but there I was and I did not want to give them up, at least not at that time and I knew that this was not a battle I could win and so I had no choice but to tell her, "I think it is a bit extreme Mrs. L. But I am sure you know more than I do about such matters, and of course I will do as you suggest." I refrained from saying ordered, as I was afraid where such an admission might lead. So I asked, "Would you like me to bring down my male underwear so that you can hold it here?"

"Absolutely not," she told me. "I don't trust you. I am sure you will hide some of it away for an emergency or such. You stay here and peel. I will take care of the matter. I am going up to your rooms to empty them of all male undergarments, unless you tell me right now that you will put an end to this infernal game you appear to be playing with your boss."

Of course I argued a bit more with her but told her that it was impossible for me to go back on that agreement right now and agreed that she should do whatever she thought best and I would just have to assume she was right and go along with whatever she said. So she took me at my word and emptied my quarters of all of my male underwear.

When I checked out my room later that evening there wasn't a stitch of male underwear to be found. Mrs. L. had been quite thorough. In addition all my male sleepwear was also gone. I did not see the reason for that, but since I had not used any of it, except during those short periods of guilt, I saw no reason to make an issue of it and thought myself better without it, as I no longer had any excuse not to wear my silky feminine nightclothes to bed. I found that I got a strange thrill from knowing that I no longer had any choice in regard to what underclothes or sleepwear I would be wearing; that I was suddenly forced to wear my female lingerie all the time, day and night, want to or not. It was strangely thrilling and I found myself hardening as I thought about it. I took care of that little problem in my usual fashion, luxuriating in the feel of the satin lips against my groin.

Of course afterwards I felt the customary guilt and tried sleeping without any clothing, but as usual that soon passed and I dressed accordingly in one of my nightgown and panty sets. I was soon hard again and fell asleep quickly. I had found that I slept so much better when in nylon and stimulated by it, then I had ever before. I was realizing that I would always need some sort of nylon or silky sleepwear or sleep would be impossible. That thought put a faint smile upon my lips. I wondered would it always do so?

So I would come home each day and having nothing to change into I would spend my time with Mrs. L., telling her of how my day had been. We would have a pleasant enough discussion. As time went on she continued to share her chores with me, and as I was sort of at her mercy as long as I continued to dress I did as I was asked. Additionally, I began to find it pleasant to take orders from her.

So after a while she worked me into setting the table and helping her with the dishes. Then before too long I was actually helping with the cooking, with Mrs. L. explaining to me the finer points. Of course I would wear an apron a nice frilly one when helping. Mrs. L. insisted as she did not want me to dirty my clothes and all she had were the frilly type. I almost appeared to be wearing a dress, but it wasn't what I looked like it was the breakdown of my barriers of masculine feminine that suffered the most. Then after I spilled some soup on myself while having dinner she had me in the apron from the moment I got into the kitchen until I would leave. And of course I was almost happy to have the apron as hid my changing figure from Mrs. L. and after a while I would wear it from the moment I got home until I left to go upstairs to my rooms.

And of course she had me sitting with my legs together so that my pants would be protected by my apron, as I had so little male clothes left and could not go shopping. Eventually, it almost became a habit

with me to sit in such a fashion. It was also more comfortable to sit so with that tight waist cincher and thigh to chest corselet. Unfortunately, these habits started carrying over to work, which caused me even more difficulties and thereby got me into even more female clothes and other female things.

But even before that, I was wearing girl's slacks and blouses at home, and as I would stare at myself in the mirror it became evident I was able to pass for a girl, from the neck down. I was actually not so thrilled about that, but still could not pull myself from my feminine lingerie and also found myself strongly attracted to my new satin blouses. I was hooked on feminine finery and like a drug I just could not give it up no matter the consequences.

I had once again spilled something and it missed the apron, which was carelessly not covering my pants properly, and landed upon those pants. Mrs. L. looking at the mess told me, "Take off those pants right now before the stain sets. I think that is your last pair without a stain on it somewhere. Do it now and hold your apron around you like a skirt for the moment." Of course I did as she said she knew what I wore under my pants and had seen me in worse and I was seriously afraid of the stain ruining my last unstained pair of pants. Then seeing me in the apron wrapped around me like a skirt she told me. "You know that apron hugs your figure so that I can see things are worse with you than I had imagined. I think you really have developed quite the girlish figure, about a girl's size 18 I might venture to guess. Come with me to my daughter's old room. I think there are some pants there that with any luck should fit you. We can't have you wearing your business clothes around here anymore, not if you are going to continue to help out, with all the spilling you do."

I strangely felt no desire not to help or to contradict Mrs. L and so I followed her to her daughter's room and out of a closet she pulled a pair of girl's pants, which she shortly gave me to try on. But first she explained the pants were zippered along the side and showed me how to hold them. Aside from the zipper on the side they were pants and looked manly enough while she was holding them up and I did not have any second thoughts about putting them on, which I shortly did. The pants felt a bit strange being zippered on the side and once on I realized that they were also cut different than my male pants.

They were a bit old fashioned, lined with satin, and the legs were a lot looser and flowed more and the seat and front were a bit tighter, somewhat form fitting. They were actually much more pleasant to wear than my pants, which of course were cut to fit the typical male body. It was just the flow of the garment and the satin lining. The looseness of the legs allowed my pants slip to flow a bit more freely

over my nylon covered legs which I found quite stimulating and the tightness of the rest of the garment somehow made me more conscious of the satin panels covering the front and back of my support garments, the satin of the pants sliding against my pants slip and the satin panels of my support garment, which was also a turn on. The material of which the slacks were made was rayon, a synthetic fabric with certain softness to it, and that certainly contributed to the way the pants felt over my lingerie. And once I started to move around in the pants those sensations increased, playing right into my addictions to my feminine finery and adding but another female garment to those I had become addicted.

Once I had the pants on, zippered, and in place Mrs. L. told me to take off my apron so she could check the fit. I thought nothing of it and of course did so. Mrs. L. just stared at me a moment before she told me, "Why my daughter's size 18 pants fit you almost perfectly, at least from the front. I can't believe it. I know that your figure had gotten a bit girlish, but I never realized how much you have changed. You actually fill the hips out and you are so flat in front. Just like a girl. I never noticed how flat you've gotten in front or how wide your hips have become, what with the aprons and your pants always hanging so low. My word you look just like a girl where you should look like a boy. Where has everything gone?"

I told her everything was still there. I did not tell her it had gotten smaller. I only told her it was still there. I explained that the girdle held everything up and against me and that as I had become a bit meaty down there that flesh just envelops my male parts so that it merged flat when my girdle is in place.

Apparently intrigued by my appearance from the front she told me, "Turn around, won't you dear? I want to see how you fill out the back of these slacks." And I did. "Why you fill out the seat of the pants also. Even with your support garments your shape is unmistakably feminine from the rear also. I think we have a serious problem here." She asked, "How long have you been like this and why have you have been hiding all this from me?" But she did not really wait for an answer. "Take off your jacket and shirt," she told me. And she didn't wait, but unbuttoned my jacket and helped me off with it, as I was mumbling an objection.

She could see something of my slight mounds once the jacket was off. But she didn't stop there. She had worried look on her face and that frightened any thought of rebellion right out of me. So I did not stop her as she unbuttoned my shirt and then slipped it off of me freeing my breast tissue even more and exposing my white nylon camisole and underneath that the bra area of my corselet. She took

her hands and cupped my tissue in the cups of my bra while using her thumbs and forefingers on each hand to find my enlarged nipples. I reacted to her touch as my nipples had become somewhat sensitive, as they had enlarged.

She let out another gasp and her face showed a bit more freight. She told me, "I am so sorry but I must do this. I have to see how far this has gotten." And with that explanation she pulled down the straps of my camisole and at the same time the straps of my bra, pulling the cups of each down below the level of my breasts. "My word," she exclaimed, "You do have small breasts.... the breasts of a young girl with well-formed nipples. And by your earlier reaction I might venture to guess, sensitive nipples at that.

I told her, "Yes, they are a bit sensitive. But I guess that is what comes from wearing bras."

Mrs. L. then told me, "Woman's lingerie may have sculpted your body fat while you wore that lingerie to enhance your figure into a more feminine one, but no figure control garments alone could have changed your figure so. I know I have joked with you about figure control garments doing just that, but I never realized how much you have changed. How girlish your body has become. We have a real problem here. May be something in your new diet or the pills I have been giving you? In any case your secret is out and you can't be binding your breasts, as petite as they are, with your male cut shirt and jacket. Let's see if one of my daughter's old shirts might fit, as a more appropriately cut garment for you. At least while you are in the house. She was rather broad in the shoulders for a girl, all that swimming you know, so her shirts may be just right for you."

With that she returned to the closet and after rummaging around a bit returned with not a shirt but a white satin blouse. Mrs. L. told me, "Let's try this one on for size, as I recall it is cut for the athletic girl." She held it up for me to slip into and mesmerized with the shiny satin I did not even think to object but slipped into the shirt, or should I say blouse, which she released once she had it on me and I buttoned it up without a further thought, except that it was a bit difficult to button as it buttoned on the wrong side.

Mrs. L. stared at me and I looked at myself in the bedrooms full-length mirror and we both saw a girl. The face and hair was not quite there yet, definitely a homely girl, but the body was absolutely femininely proportioned and dressed in the daughter's clothes there was no hiding my dramatically altered figure.

She sat me down on the bed and sitting next to me said, "We have to talk. You can't really hide this or ignore it any longer. Something is going on here and you are in big trouble, for a boy."

I also knew that to be the case, but for some reason I was not terribly bothered. I was just thinking of how pleasant the satin blouse felt over my camisole, and how much more comfortable it was to wear a blouse rather than my male shirt and jacket which had compressed by budding breasts and had irritated my now sensitive and thickened nipples.

She continued, sort of thinking out loud. "Figure wise you look like a young girl, a rather large and perhaps masculine young girl, but never the less a young girl. In fact you remind me much of my daughter when she was a senior in High School and got so involved in athletics. In fact if you wanted to go back to college she could probably get you a scholarship on a coed sports team, you could probably pass as a college freshman. You now look so young."

She paused and then asked, "And all this doesn't bother you?" I couldn't tell her the exact truth, it was too embarrassing and so I softened the problem a bit in describing it and told her, "Truly it does not seem to bother me much. Sometimes at night I'll have a wet dream and afterwards I get a bit upset about the whole thing, but that seems to go away and once I finish showering I slip into my nightgown without a second thought and come morning I don't have a problem putting on my lingerie."

She then asked, "Have your attitude or anything at work changed since you started wearing girl's underwear?" So I told her, "Nothing seems to bother me at work either. I do whatever I am asked to do; help out with something, get the boss a cup of coffee, pick something up at the cleaners for a fellow worker, help the secretary out with some typing, anything. I am the most congenial person at work and all the girls have grown to really like me and accept me as one of them, so to speak. Estelle the boss's secretary, I think she knows my secret, you know the lingerie; she even insists that I keep my hair long. She keeps threatening to do something nice with it, but just plays with it on occasion, and even that doesn't seem to bother me and of course I haven't had it cut though it has become so terribly long. Before the lingerie and the antidepressants that sort of stuff would really bother me. You know if I was asked to do something outside of my job or if any of the women treated me like I was just another girl at the office. However, now none of that stuff bothers me at all. I just assumed the antidepressants made me mellow and easy to get along with and the physical changes were due to the figure training abilities of the woman's support garments I had to wear. And

somehow, I didn't much care about it under any circumstance. I've been very mellow on those pills."

Mrs. L. concluded, "Your physical changes aren't from the clothing. It doesn't work like that. I don't mean that control garments couldn't feminize your figure a bit, while you wore them, and they certainly did, you looked so cute in your girl's support garments when dressed as my Archie, but you are way past that now! Wearing that stuff 24/7 probably would have and did have some feminizing effect on your shape, perhaps even giving you a pudgy chest, but you are way past that now, why you are growing real breasts. No, it is not the clothing. You just have to be getting female hormones and in a goodly amount. That is the only thing that would actually cause such dramatic changes in your figure and cause you to have such a laid back attitude about the whole thing. My word, you have grown breasts and it doesn't seem to bother you!"

She stopped and seemed to think a bit and then continued, "I thought there might be some female hormones in the tranquilizers I gave you. After all they were originally prescribed for me. However, I thought if there was there was just enough there to aid in mellowing you out and perhaps feminizing you a bit. You know, softening your skin and hair and perhaps causing a bit of muscle loss, so that I could have some fun with you dressed in your girl things. After all you were just so cute wearing your lady's support garments and the negligee. But I never dreamed you would become so, well so girlish! And that after a while that being so girlish would not bother you."

I confirmed that she was right, that my femininity and the wearing of girl's underwear did not seem to bother me and although thinking about it I did find it surprising that it did not bother me, but nonetheless neither my femininity nor the wearing of girl's undergarments seemed to bother me.

"Yes", she continued. "That is typically what happens when guys take too much female hormones. And guys become addicted to them and eventually change so much that they lose all interest in their maleness. We have to stop this. But your changes can't all be from the pills I give you. Are you taking any other medications that I don't know about?"

I was and I told her so, and gave her the name of it, telling her it was a back medication Mrs. Porter had given me and I had been taking three times a day for some time now.

Mrs. L. asked whose name was on the prescription vile and I told her it was my bosses name and not mine. Mrs. L. concluded, "There must be hormones in those also and it is the combination of the female

hormones in the two pills that reached a critical level which really feminized you unbeknownst to me or your boss, as neither of us knew about the other pills you were taking. Your boss is about my age and probably described your pain as her pain to her doctor, who for a woman of our age would include some hormones in any pill for a problem that could be due to a loss of calcium from the bones. After putting you into girls' underwear she probably got a kick, like I did, out of tricking you into also taking female hormones. The dosage was such that it was only meant to calm you down and soften you up a bit, not to make you grow breasts and what not. When you continued to complain about your back, instead of keeping your mouth shut, she saw a way to have a little more fun with you, like me, noting the feminine changes in you, but never realizing how much you had changed. And of course, once on female hormones for a while, you just lost any male get up and go that would have made you really question what was happening to you. There is still one thing I don't quite understand, but we'll talk in a moment. I want to call my girlfriend that is a nurse and find out a bit more about these pills and perhaps how much trouble you are in. Meanwhile see if any of my daughter's shoes fit you. You'll have to take off your heavy male socks and just wear her shoes over your nylons if there is any chance to get a pair that fits. She never threw anything away and there are a number of different sizes in her closet. And by the way, take a pair of flats. We'll talk about high heels later; if this is as bad as I think it may be. See you in the den."

So after taking off my male socks leaving with my nylon stockings exposed I tried on a number of shoes and found a pair that was comfortable, a pair of girl's penny loafers. They felt a bit lighter than the man's version and of course the feel of shoes with only nylons on was a bit different. I think I actually preferred my heavier socks, in terms of wearing shoes, even if in general I found the nylon stockings to be a turn on. However, I did as I was told to do which seemed to be how I was operating those days. I took one more look at myself in the mirror and found a girl staring back at me, a rather plain girl, not homely, just plain with a bit of a masculine face and shoulders a tad too wide, but none the less no one would think that it was the image of a boy let alone a man.

I found myself staring at the satin blouse and my budding breasts. The girl's pants and shoes didn't do much for me, but the blouse really caught my attention, much like girls' nylon and satin lingerie had. Without thinking I touched myself there; right on my breasts through the satin of my blouse and the nylon of my camisole and the satin of my bra and found my own touch somewhat of a stimulation that was somewhat erotic. I started breathing a bit heavier and wanted to

continue to touch myself there it was so pleasurable, much like touching myself in a more male like fashion elsewhere through nylon and satin. However, I found myself starting to get hard, both down below and up above and that realization, it was a bit frightening, caused me to stop. I had somewhere to be.

When I got to the den Mrs. L. was just getting off of the telephone. She did not look happy. She did stop to stare at me, all dressed up as I was in girls' clothing, without a stitch of a male garment on me, and she did not appear to be as unhappy with the situation as she had expressed earlier.

She told me, "Bad news Robin. I was right. My girlfriend who is a nurse just confirmed that both of the medications you have been taken contain substantial amount of female hormones and taken together could have feminized you. You have to stop with the back pain medication at once. You can't stop the antidepressants until you see a doctor. Stopping that medication could cause a rebound depression as your mind and body have gotten used to the antidepressant and the female hormones, and you could become suicidal without them. But we'll cut the dosage and keep cutting it over the next several months until we wean you off of it. The way it was explained to me, it would take at least several months to wean you down to a stage where the female hormones will start to lose their effect and the effect of your own natural male hormones will kick in once again and the effects of the female hormones will start to reverse themselves. So I think you had better hold on to this internship of yours, as I don't think you are very employable in your current condition. I'm sure your boss knows she gave you female hormones and although she may have not expected this extent of a change in you, she will have no choice but to keep you on even if your current condition is exposed. In fact judging by the situation, she may have more of a desire to keep you on if she had any idea of what she has done to you. But all that aside, do you want to see a doctor and how is your medical insurance?"

I was really too embarrassed to be seen by a doctor. I didn't have one outside of the university health plan, under which I was no longer covered and really did not want to be seen as I was by just any one and the doctor from my childhood years was too far away to get to on a regular basis under my current condition.

Also, as long as my manhood was still working I was not that frightened of my situation and was okay with the plan at hand. That is as long as I did not have to give up my lingerie. So I told Mrs. L. "I don't know that I can afford one or that I am ready to deal with one. What you already told me seems like a plan and let's just go with that.

I still feel somewhat like a man so you may have caught this in time. Let's find out what happens if we follow your suggested course of action."

But it was not that simple she told me, "There are a couple of other things I have to ask you. And you have to be completely honest so my girlfriend, the nurse, can judge if a doctor is needed or not, and where we have to go from here in terms of possible psychological effects. If needed my girlfriend will come over and take a look at you, but I pretty much got the picture from her."

So I told her I would try to be honest, even though I knew that I might not be in regards to admitting my addiction to the lingerie and what it caused me to do at night.

"Robin, I am sorry I have to ask these questions. Some you may find quite embarrassing. However, they have to be answered truthfully. I hope you understand."

And I did understand and told her so. And so she asked away. "Do you want to become a woman? You know have your male organs removed and have a woman's orifice created?"

I did not even have to think about that one. Without hesitation I told her, "Absolutely not. I am very happy with my male equipment and I do not want to be a female." Then as I did not want to be insulting I continued, "Not that I have anything against females or female stuff, it is just I want to stay a guy. I am quite content being a guy."

"Okay. Well phrased. And that brings me to my next question. Do you want to go around appearing to be a girl? You know, being a girl with a penis. Does that give you some sort of kick?"

I told her, "I don't think so. Don't get me wrong. I sort of liked our little game of Veronica and Archie and I didn't mind being in the girl's peignoir set with you. It was fun and even sort of relaxing. But dressing as a girl in public and trying to pass as one doesn't really interest me. I imagine it would be a lot of work, and I am not sure as to what end, after all I do not want to be a girl or spend my life as a girl."

"Good. And thank you for the compliment. Now, how does wearing girls' lingerie make you feel? Let's say, even if you are by yourself and wearing lingerie, or wearing girls' underwear under your suit when you are out?"

I hesitated and was having difficulty telling her the truth; it was so embarrassing to admit.

Responding to my obvious hesitation and uncomfortably in answering the question, Mrs. L. continued, "Come on now I have some inkling that at the very least you don't horribly dislike your feminine lingerie. It's quite understandable. After all nylons, and silks and satins can feel wonderful against the skin. It depends on one's makeup. No pun intended. In fact I've heard that lots of guys love wearing lady's lingerie, silks and satins and Lycra for that matter and even some that go all the way and completely dress in lady's clothes from the skin out. It may be a bit unusual, but it certainly has a lot over attacking woman as a way of getting ones kicks."

As Mrs. L. seemed accepting and under my current circumstances I had to admit to my addiction and be somewhat honest about it, though I still could not bring myself to confess fully to the extent of my addiction. I had to lie a bit about how quickly I came to love my girls' things and how stuck on panties I was and the games I played with panties before actually getting to own my own and wear them. So I told her, "I do like the lady's lingerie. It was strange at first, but once I got over the initial embarrassment the feel of the nylon and the constriction of the support garments became quite a turn on. I don't think I could stop wearing girls' nylon underwear. I might be able to save it for evenings, but I feel I need to wear panties and the rest for at least some part of the day just to be comfortable. And I do not have any desire to stop wearing my lingerie, none at all, though I still find it terribly embarrassing and would not want to be caught. I think I am addicted to the feel of it against my body. I just can't imagine a day without getting to wear at least my nylons, panties and camisole."

As I was answering her question I looked at Mrs. L. to see any look of distain upon my admission and there was none at all. In fact, if anything she appeared very accepting of my admission. She then asked me the most embarrassing of all the questions and as she had so far been so accepting I had to be honest, or at least somewhat honest in answering it. She told me, "Now this is very important and you have to be honest so my girlfriend can advise us what we can and can't change in terms of your problems here. She has already told me that some of the damage, at least the psychological changes may be irreversible at this point." The way she referred to 'us' and 'we', as if it was not just my problem but it was our problem, encouraged me to be as truthful as I possibly could under the circumstances.

She asked, "Are you having night time emissions and if so have they been increasing over the time you have been forced to dress in lingerie?" I liked the last part..., yes, forced to dress I thought. I was forced to dress. That explained everything and released me of responsibility.

But in any case I had to answer the question. I thought I had better be somewhat truthful as I was sure the fetish part of my addiction had to be revealed if I was to get help with the entire situation. After all I did not want to end up an anatomical female or to have to spend all my time dressed completely in female clothing in order to pass as a girl because I had almost become a girl and would find it difficult making a believable male.

So I had to admit part of my nighttime activities and I told her, "Every night, while in my lingerie I will have an emission. I can't help it. I will be lying in bed and it happens. I can't control it." Of course I did not tell her about my love pillow and how active I was in producing those emissions. Nor did I tell her it was an immediate reaction to wearing the lingerie. "It started to happen shortly after I started wearing the lingerie and increased in frequency after you took away all my male underwear and sleepwear so that I was forced to feel the nylons and satins against my skin at all times and was soon happening every night. It is especially strong when I sit all evening with my legs together, you know with the apron covering my pants. It's gotten to the point where I know it is going to happen and so I go to sleep early as possible and get up later to shower, you know after I wake up all wet. I'm sorry. But I don't seem to be able to help it. Afterwards I don't want to put the lingerie back on, I am so ashamed, but that feeling goes away by the time I am showered and I put on my nightgown and usually fall sound asleep and sleep very well. When I wake up the next morning I actually feel the desire to get into panties and don't think I would want to put on my old male jockey-shorts and t-shirts."

Again, Mrs. L. did not appear at all judgmental. I almost wanted to tell her about my love pillow and how I just could not control that activity, but as accepting as she was I could not reveal the extent of my addiction to the lingerie.

Finally she asked or told me, "And are you dating any one? I mean when is the last time you had a date? I haven't seen you with anyone for quite a while. Do you get any other release, if you get my drift?"

I hadn't had a date since I had started my job and I had to admit to that. I told her that all my college girl friends were graduated and gone and I had been so busy with my internship I hadn't any time to meet new girls. What I did not tell her was that I wasn't much of a dater even when I was in college and when I did date I didn't find a lot of action. Most of my partnering had been with whatever piece of odd girl's underwear I had been able to lift from the few girls I had dated as I was just too shy to show any aggression with my lady friends. In fact I had never seen as much action as I was having with myself since I started wearing lingerie all the time.

“Alright then,” Mrs. L. told me. “Let’s report back to Gail, that’s my nurse friend and see where we stand with all this. She is a Nurse Practitioner specializing in Psychological Nursing, and although your particular problem is not necessarily her specialty she told me she does have a lot of experience dealing with men who get attracted to female things and can even prescribe medications for you and will if it becomes necessary and you can’t find a doctor.”

Mrs. L. got Gail on the telephone and while I listened on the extension she pretty much gave her all the information she had elicited in a manner that I did not find too embarrassing, as Gail is a nurse. Additionally, Mrs. L. explained my situation at work and that under my current circumstances I was stuck in that job and hence in my girly underwear. Mrs. L. did not explain that I probably could have made a clean breast, no pun intended, with my boss and begged out of the lingerie assignment. She really made it sound like I was stuck in the lingerie, like it or not, under any circumstances. I wasn’t sure why she took that stance at that time, I would learn later, but as I was so addicted to wearing my lingerie, it worked for me and I wasn’t going to give Gail the full story. Gail would have to come up with a solution for my problem, which did not stop me from wearing my enchanting lingerie.

However, I was told that circumstance did limit my options for an immediate cure. I imagine the real solution for a complete attempt at a cure would have been to stop wearing lingerie, stop doing female stuff, and get away from my job and the dominating woman with whom I was working. Consequently, Gail’s read of my situation was not encouraging and what had to be done was going to bring me further down the road to femininity in some respects in order to prevent further psychological damage that might not be reversible.

And under the circumstances of continuing in lingerie, Gail gave me little hope that I would ever be able to give up on my attraction to feminine lingerie. My only chance would have been to stop immediately. Under the circumstances we were telling her I could not do that and even if I had it may have just been too late for that action to help any way. It may be that it was too late for just stopping to have worked. I had already been patterned on the lingerie. However, later on in my therapy we might try some aversion therapy to the lingerie, but under my circumstances at work that obviously could not be done at this time. Hopefully it would not be too late. But most likely if it wasn’t too late now it would be too late by the time I found it possible to stop wearing the lingerie.

Gail told us that under the circumstances I would if I continued to wear the lingerie probably be wearing lingerie the rest of my life that I had

become or would become so enamored with it that even if I stopped wearing it I would always be uncontrollably attracted to it. It was just too late for me as far as that was concerned. The main problem as she now saw it as I was to continue in lingerie and had to continue on the female hormones, at least for a while, was to prevent me from becoming enamored with being or becoming a female. We did have a chance, though one that would take a lot of work on my part to prevent that from occurring. She explained that part of the difficulty lay in that the feminized parts of my body, while returning to normal as the influence of the female hormones waned, would still remain sensitive in a feminine manor as it was not just the change in size and shape of my body, but new female type nerve growth to those areas induced by the female hormones creating automatic female sensations and responses. My tendencies now and for some time would be to respond to things in a feminine manor and become more and more comfortable being feminine and eventually wanting to stay that way until I was so comfortable being feminine that I would opt for the surgery to make it permanent.

I was a bit intrigued, but even more horrified, as I did not want to lose my male joystick. I expressed my disbelief, but she told me and was insistent that is how strong the effect of feminine hormones in a male could be. She gave me a couple of web sites for transsexuals to check out what she was telling me and I eventually did and she had not been exaggerating, at least not by much. She explained how guys who have every intention or had every intention of remaining guys and are not gay will sometime when taking female hormones to feminize themselves a bit, because they like to wear girls underwear, or think they might be happier a bit more feminine, or for whatever reason, and as a result had often lost all male personality and without having thought that they wanted to be a full female, would eventually wind up so female in thought that they would go all the way and wind up under the knife.

I told her, "I will stop those hormones right now." But she told me, "You can't. That little euphoria you are probably feeling that you may think as something to do with your newfound femininity does, and if you stop the female hormones suddenly it will leave and you will become suicidal. You don't want that. What you need is a mix of slowly lessening the hormones and a program of aversion psychotherapy that will remove any desire you have to engage in feminine activities and thus to be female."

Suddenly I was afraid she was going to make me give up my lingerie. I told her, "But I can't stop wearing the lingerie as yet or I will be out of

a job. And in my current condition I don't know where I would go for appropriate work.”



But I had nothing to fear on that account. She laughed a bit and then told me, “No dear, you stay in girls’ underwear. That is part of the therapy. In fact you wear no underwear but girls’ underwear, nice tight girdles and constricting waist cinchers and corselets with bras, just like you have been doing. And on top of that, at least while at home you are only to wear girls’ clothing and only girl’s shoes, high heel shoes in fact. Mind you, not just girls’ clothing, but feminine girls’ clothing: blouses not shirts, and blouses that button up the back, slacks and not pants, but slacks that zipper up the side or back, and not just girls’ shoes, but high heel shoes, the higher the better. You

are to learn to be uncomfortable in what you might think is your feminine finery, until you long for men's clothing, the simplicity of men's clothing, at least as far as your outerwear goes. I don't know if the process will kill your infatuation with lingerie, it may be too late for that, but I guarantee you that your infatuation won't go any further, as far as female clothing goes."

I thought that would have been enough, but the therapy did not end there. Gail continued, "And you will be trained to act or behave in a feminine manor, walk with a sway, one step in front of the other, hold your hands out, sit with your knees together, smile all the time, talk liltily, stoop rather than bend over, and forced to do so until you can't stand the instruction any longer, and even then continue to practice, practice, practice. And you will only engage in feminine activities, all of which you will painstakingly have to learn, house cleaning, sewing, cooking and anything else we can think off."

I was in shock and began to stammer. When Gail mentioned that I would be restricted to female lingerie for my undergarments, like it or not – so to speak, I found that I was strangely excited with the idea of this aversion therapy. However, all of the other therapy did not sound so agreeable. I was already dressed entirely in girls' clothing and again, although the lingerie and even the silky blouse was a turn on, the pants did not do that much for me. I was already helping with the cooking and occasionally sitting like a girl, and neither was a pleasure let a long a turn on. "What is the purpose of all that feminization?" I asked. "How will that keep me from wanting to be a woman?"

Gail was quick to explain. "Because the idea is to make you temporary life as a woman as miserable as possible doing womanly things so that you will develop an aversion to that life style and hence and aversion to becoming a real woman. Otherwise your attraction to our lingerie coupled with pleasant experiences while wearing lingerie and feeling like a woman will only make you comfortable with your new female persona and you will find yourself more and more attracted to that life and eventually will wish to make it permanent. It will be Lori's job to make you so miserable as a woman that even if you do spend the rest of your life in woman's underwear, you will do so as a man."

She let that sink in a moment and then continued, "So Lori, if Robin is not in high heels at this time get him into a pair right away. And once you have him fully dressed, have him make dinner and afterwards he should do the dishes while you have your brandy in the den...if you get my drift."

I was a bit non-plused. Lori gave a weird smile and answered. "Got ya. Don't know that it will be a pleasure, but it should surely be fun. All the things I never got to do with my tom-boy daughter I will get a second chance at with my sweet tenant. This should be fun for me." So Mrs. L. looked at me and told me so that Gail could hear it over the telephone, "So if it has to be lingerie at work than you'll be in high heels at home."

I thought for a minute. I could see how things were really going to get tough on me. That was the purpose of all of this. But I was so enamored with my lingerie I could not think of giving it up. So I had to agree. Gail then told us, "I will be by in a week or so to see how things are going," she seriously told us. Then in a joking way she continued, "And I expect to be greeted by Lori and her new daughter. A very uncomfortable daughter, or I'll get involved in your therapy and trust me, you won't like that, though it would be for your own good."

One would think I might have rebelled at such a fate. However: One, the female hormones coursing through my body had put me in a very submissive state and I would basically go along with anything. Two, I had no place to go in my current condition, if Mrs. L. could have always got tuff and told me her way or the doorway. And for my own good I am sure she could have gotten that tuff. Three, always on the back of my mind was my addiction to my lingerie which made me a slave to my passion and willing to do just about anything that kept me in girls' finery.

## Chapter 9: My Training Begins in Earnest

The changes happened right away with Mrs. L. really getting into her role as mom. She didn't even ask me if I agreed with the plan. She just told me, "Come along Robin dear. Let's get back to Karen's room and find a pair of high heels that you are comfortable with, as apparently flats are out. And don't fret; I will have you walking in them comfortably before dinner."

So despite my hesitation she marched me off to the bedroom and had me try on a number of different sized pairs of high heel shoes until she settled on a moderate pair, which matched my outfit and had only two-inch heels. Unfortunately for me, but fortunately for my therapy program, her daughter kept everything. The feel was strange. All of a sudden I was two inches taller and I really felt my butt in a new orientation and the tendons in my ankles getting compressed. Also my weight now had to be carried a bit forward on the balls of my foot, as the thin heels really weren't much support if one leaned back on them.

Of course I was a bit wobbly at first, though not terribly, and much to my amazement and even embarrassment, after a shaky start I got rather comfortable walking in heels and ended up in a pair with three inch heels with a promise by Mrs. L. that as I was doing so well, that at the first opportunity she would see about getting me my own high heeled shoes with even high heels. She told me they went as high as six inches but I just couldn't imagine being forced to walk around in shoes with six inch heels. What an effort it must be to walk around in a six inch heeled pair of high heel shoes. With the restriction of my stride effected by the three inch high heel shoes, I could only imagine a pair of six inch heels would have me walking heel to toe, just to keep from destroying the heels.

Once we had found the suitable pair of high-heeled shoes Mrs. L. Taught me to walk in them It wasn't like walking a pair of men's shoes.

She instructed me, "Now Robin dear, put one foot in front of the other, with your thighs touching as you cross your legs. For now walk heel to toe, until you get used to the feel. Once you do, you can take a longer stride." We worked on that for a while until I got the hang of it. Then she added, "That's very nice dear, but you have to move from the hips as to balance yourself. You are moving your legs from the thighs and your hips and butt aren't helping to balance you. Move the leg from the hips."

Well I tried that and I started to wiggle like a woman does when walking. I told that to Mrs. L, "But that makes me wiggle like a female when I walk."

She replied with a laugh, "But that's the idea Robin dear. You are to learn to walk just like a girl and not like a boy. You are supposed to be wiggling your hips and fanny. That is how we girls move and you are being trained to be one of the girls now. I am not sure that it will help, but those are Gail's orders and if I can't get you out of your girl's lingerie then those are the orders we just have to follow, like it or not."

I was about to object half-heartedly of course, when she continued. "You know wearing girl's underwear apparently does have its price to pay when one gets caught and too caught up in it and for you this is apparently the price. It is what I imagine goes under the heading of reverse psychology. You like girl's lingerie; okay we can deal with that. Lots of boys like panties and the like. However, apparently because of the hormones you are on a road to femaleness that I don't want you on and according to the therapist the only way to put up a road block is to let you find out what it is really like to live as a female.

It isn't all just about wearing lovely panties you know. But perhaps you don't, and my job here is to make sure you find out.

I feel partially responsible; after all half the hormones you took were supplied by me. So you will learn what it means to live as a girl, while the effects of all those hormones are wearing off. I like it, but I was born that way. I don't think you will like it as much as you have taken to lingerie. But if you do, we'll deal with it. I hope you don't like it and I will make the course as realistic as possible. So in short, stop walking like a longshoreman and start wiggling those hips, before I get out the prod."

I wasn't too sure what she meant about the prod, but I did not want to find out. So after that I pretty much cooperated with my training. It wasn't fun and Mrs. L. was by no means easy on me. Nor did she make it a game. It was hard work learning to behave as a female.

So I learned how a proper female walks rather quickly. Mrs. L told me I was a natural. She moved me up to the three inch heels right away and she kept me in three inch heels after that and any time I did not move femininely enough, I would hear about it.

When that first walking lesson was over we, as previously, returned to the kitchen and she had me put my apron on telling me, "From now on dear, you are always to wear an apron when we, or you for that matter, are in the kitchen, only now you must learn to wear an apron as any girl would." She handed me my apron and I put it on and then she helped me tie a large bow in back and she then spent some time having me tie and untie the bow until I got the straps tied in such a fashion as would give me the largest possible bow resting along my waste.

After I had apparently mastered that she again reminded me, "Now you are always to have an apron on when in the kitchen, even if just in for a short time. Can you remember that?"

I looked up and gave her my normal, "Yes," in my normal fashion.

"However, Mrs. L. told me, "Not good dear. It is not that easy for a girl and that is the lesson here, the lesson you have to learn so you do not become too comfortable with your new state or at least learn of its downside. A good girl never looks at her superior when taking an order. I know we have become friends over the years and I even feel you are sort of a son to me, what with all the help you have been around here. But for the purpose of this situation I am trying to teach you, and I will teach you, what it is like to be a member of the weaker dominated sex and you will learn what it is like to be a lady and not one of the liberated ladies. So that being said, let me explain to you. A

young lady when given an instruction from a superior does not look that person in the eyes, but diverts her gaze downward to the hem of her skirt or in this case apron and looking down replies yes Mum as she curtsies. So let's try that right now, so you can learn your place if you want to stay a female."

Well I was quickly learning that I did not want to stay or let's say become a female, even if I had any inkling of that earlier. However, the game was on and I had no male toughness left in me to fight it and so I complied. I practiced looking down at my hem and curtseying for some time before I got it right. At least I was in pants. It became even more complicated when I later wound up in skirts and had to handle the edge of my skirt as well as my apron. But even earlier on it was not the easiest thing to learn to do while wearing three inch high heel pumps. When I had gotten it down to Mrs. L.'s satisfaction she told me, "Now let's try it one last time dear."

And I did. I grabbed the sides of my apron, gazed downward, in a fashion showing total submission to the person giving me the orders, and replied with a simple, "Yes Mum, of course." I felt totally subservient and feminine and knew despite my infatuation with female lingerie, I was not going to like being trained to the female life style, even in the name of therapy for my own good, and felt right there and then that I certainly had no inclination to get any more female and was more interested in getting a lot less female, albeit without having to give up my lingerie.

Little did I know how wrong I was and how comfortable love would make me with all the newly found femininity I would have to learn just about everything a girl knows, while still staying just enough of a male to please the object of my affection.

The pattern of being forced to adopt the persona and skills of a young girl continued with dinner that night which came along with cooking lessons and learning about cleaning dishes afterwards. While eating it was of course emphasized that I should continue as before, slow and easy with my hands in my lap as I chewed. I had originally been taught that style to slow me down when my portions of food had decreased and now it would be reinforced as the way to eat appropriate to learning to live as a woman. And if that was not enough, I had my first sewing lesson while watching television and of course was instructed in the proper lady like way to sit while so engaged.

Mrs. L. explained, "Girls really rarely get a chance to rest, we are always busy. We are on 24/7 and you will live that sort of life style so that you will understand what you may be getting yourself in if you

continue with this course of action.” I told her, “Enough already. I am already sure I don’t want to be a girl, or at least live a girl’s life. You can stop now. I am a fast learner. I get the point.”

Mrs. L. came over to me with a big smile and gave me a motherly hug, at least one that made me feel like a daughter and not a son, having her bosom press against my newly released bosom, and finished off with a motherly kiss on my cheek. “You are a quick learner, my dear. I can’t believe how quickly you have learned to walk in high heels just like a girl, and to curtsy just like a girl, and how quickly you have picked up the basics of deporting yourself like a female as well as a feminine demeanor, and even the basics of sewing. No, for your own good, we cannot stop now. This has all been too easy for you and you seem way too comfortable with all of this, so far. No, we cannot stop. You have to learn how tough life for a girl is and how difficult it would be for you as a female so you do not make the mistake of associating whatever pleasures you have found with girl’s lingerie with a total female life style. No stopping now, we will definitely continue with this, let’s say training, until I am sure you have learned the lesson and really had enough. In fact if I could I would get you a job in a female persona, just so you can have an idea of what life would really be for you if you made such a change.” Little did I realize at the time, but that Mrs. L. would get her wish.

In any case the lessons continued and continued in earnest or should I say Ernestine. Mrs. L. supplied me with an outer wardrobe of woman’s clothing, slacks, blouses, and pumps, from her daughter’s collection, and I was restricted to female clothing at home. She made sure I always deported myself as a female and I was quickly corrected when I forgot. And I learned many of the feminine skills, ironing, sewing, cooking, house cleaning, clothes cleaning, and on and on.



And I was always kept busy. If I slackened or fell back on manly ways Mrs. had some interesting ways of punishing me, keeping things light hearted, but none-the-less effective. She gave me a lipstick to carry, a real red lipstick in a gold lipstick case. Any time I slackened or moved in an unfeminine way I was told about it and then told to do my lips and I would have to apply the red lipstick to my own lips. I hated that. She told me if I ran out of lipstick she would get me another one and add some other cosmetic to it. The threat worked and I did the best I could to learn my lessons and behave accordingly. Unfortunately I began to enjoy the feel and smell of my lipstick as I did my lingerie. Mrs. L. then began tying ribbons in my long, and getting longer, hair in addition to the lipstick, when I forgot myself. Nice pink or red satin hair ribbons. I

would have to look at myself in a mirror and eventually learn how to put them in place myself using them to feminize my hair. That stayed an effective punishment. I sort of liked the feel of the satin hair ribbons, but having to use them to coif my hair into a girlish style took away any pleasure from handling those ribbons.

Before long Mrs. had turned me into a real lady despite my reservations and eventually I really came to enjoy most of it in a manner similar to the way I enjoyed my lingerie. But I will explain how that had happened a bit later in my story. It is just that all that femininity got connected to the feel of my lingerie. Everything I did, I did while wearing lingerie. I moved around in that lingerie and the turn on that the feminine lingerie had become began to pattern on all the other feminine things I was being forced to learn and do for my own good. And then ever night I would be just so turned on by the time Mrs. L. would let me go up to bed and to my rooms that my love-pillow was getting a real work out as I fantasized about all that was happening to me. The feminine fantasies became more and more a part of that release and the periods after release, of; let's say unhappiness with my feminine finery became shorter and shorter.

The most dramatic shift in my acceptance of my developing feminine life style and personality came when Ms. L. made me shave my legs and underarms and then of course keep them shaved. And in a way I had no choice, as the itching was intense if I allowed the hair to grow back in and no amount of scratching would satisfy it, and I could not easily explain my compulsion to scratch and scratch my legs. I forget exactly what precipitated that order, but it was before I had become comfortable with my feminine self and I was complaining about the effort it took to maintain my female mind set and act feminine when Ms. L. told me, "Oh, you think you have problems now, you should have to deal with the monthly problem we girls have or even with having to keep your legs hair free."

And it was like a light when off, and she sort of spoke out loud. "Yes, how silly of me. Why didn't I think of that before? You definitely should be shaving your legs. It is such a girl thing and such an annoyance, that it should definitely teach you a lesson." I tried begging out of it but to no avail. Somehow Ms. L. convinced me that my choice boiled down to Modes pads or shaving my legs and of the two evils, shaving seemed the less embarrassing of the two.

So she supplied me with one of her daughters bathing suits and once changed I met her in her bathroom. It was a skirted one-piece suit of nylon and Lycra, designed to enhance a girl's figure and did just that for me as it did fit and showed off my changed and changing figure rather well, while the skirt covered what had to be covered. Once

again Mrs. L. was a bit surprise as to how well, for a boy that is, I filled out her daughter's bathing suit, and couldn't help but comment to that affect. By that time my hormone intake had been reduced, but I was still taking some and the hormones were still having an effect and at least maintained the changes and even continued to feminize my body a bit more, though more slowly than before. So in the figure hugging and figure enhancing suit my expanded hips, slimmed waist and budding breasts were clearly defined. What with the addition of my feminized features, long hair, and the cosmetics I was already wearing for my misbehaving, prior to the punishment I was undergoing, I could have passed for a somewhat hairy girl, albeit a late bloomer, so to speak.

She had drawn a warm soapy bath and had me get in and soak. The feeling was strange, what with wearing the one-piece girl's bathing suit. I had never felt the feeling of wet nylon and Lycra against my skin and I found it was a pleasant enough one.

She had me soak a while as she explained the process and also told me about depilatories and the like. Then while I was still in the bath she helped me cover one leg with shaving cream, and following her instructions I shaved one leg. After retouching it pursuant to her examination and further instruction she had me do my other leg on my own. In each case it was right up to the bikini line. Next came my underarms, which were easy enough. I was spared shaving my arms and body as woman did not typically shave those areas, even if hirsute. The entire experience seemed, at the time, a great bother to me and I told her so. Ms. L. told me, "One, it is meant to be. It is just another one of those tasks you guys expect us woman folk to perform to look pretty for you and I think having you go through it regularly will just help you realize you don't want to be a girl. And if that doesn't do it, I think we just might have to introduce you to that other monthly ritual."

Well, I told her the shaving was hassle enough and she seemed to believe it. At least she never followed through with the other threat. However, the truth of the matter was that once I have experienced the feel of my nylons along with my nylon pants slip on my shaves legs I did not have to be reminded to keep them hair free. I complained about it every time Ms. L. would remind me of that obligation, but I never really wanted hair between my feminine finery and me again.

After that Mrs. L. would continue with my aversion training by making sure I performed that task on my own quite frequently, and to that she added even more makeup to the simple lipstick punishment she had started me out on, and so eventually I could easily apply the full regime of female makeup from any type of foundation to the

intermediate and finishing touches as well as properly maintaining my nails, both on my hands and fingers. And Ms. L would have me go through that ritual every night when I got home, before I would dress to help her with dinner. And of course on the weekends I wore full makeup all day long and when instructed would have to freshen it up during the day.

## Chapter 10: Things Start to Happen at Work

With all the changes I had been pretty much keeping to myself at work, just occupied with my internship in the computer area, and of course I had stopped interviewing. My immediate supervisor probably knew about the lingerie the boss had got me to wear and if she picked up on any changes, and she must have, she probably attributed it to that and as the boss was involved she was not going to take issue. The boss who had been checking up on me at first also seemed to hold off a bit and if not for the actual changes in my figure which just about made the wearing of my support garments a necessity and my addiction to the stuff, I probably could have slowly weaned myself out of those things and my situation.

Things at work went along like that until one day I was called to fill in for the receptionist who was out sick. I was told to report to the boss's secretary, Estelle. We were on a first name basis and like everyone at the office she was fond of me and liked when I was assigned to her.

She had a big smile when she saw me. "Oh Robin," she called me, which was a bad sign as she had usually called me Rob. "I had almost forgotten you were still here and thought I was going to have to fill in for Marion. And you know how I hate doing receptionist work. I know we have talked about it. You're always such a doll about listening to my problems. Mrs. Porter had to remind me that we still had you in reserve. I imagine as no one has been out for a while your name has not come up and our paths haven't crossed, though you used to say hello when you got in. I hope you haven't become antisocial because Mrs. Porter had you fitted for ladies' support garments and lingerie!"

I started to blush and stammer. I knew something was up when she called me Robin but still I just did not know what to say. Gosh it was so embarrassing to be confronted like that. Estelle picked up on my embarrassment right away and continued, "Oh don't be like that Robin. I think it's lovely that a fellow wouldn't feel threatened by wearing the most feminine of clothing when it proved helpful with a medical condition and allowed him to get to work on time. I always found you to so understanding about feminine things and problems

that I imagined that you just had to be a liberated fellow. I think it is wonderful that you can openly wear girl's lingerie without being embarrassed about it. I can't imagine another fellow who could do that and would do that as to maintain his obligations at work."

I still stammered a bit thanking her for the left handed compliment and then asked, "But how did you know?" And Estelle told me, "Why I pay the bills silly. I had to ask Mrs. Porter how a bill, and a rather large one at that, for lingerie got to be a business expense. Why, she told me the whole story and what a good sport you were about the whole thing and that you have actually still been wearing the girl's support garments and lingerie to work and that since you have been wearing them you have been coming in on time. I loved it. I wanted to complement you on your openness and your figure," she added with a laugh, "only you just haven't been around. I am happy now that we will be working together again so that you may stop avoiding me, now that you know your secret is our little secret. I hope that when Marion gets back we can start having an occasional lunch together, I do so miss having you to talk to."

I didn't really know what to say. I was sort of complimented that she wanted to have lunch with me. We had always talked and she had shared confidences with me, and had asked me to lunch with her, but I had always found a polite excuse. Now that she knew my secret I was not sure I could refuse her company any longer and I was afraid as to where it might lead. I knew that some of the girl's probably suspected I was wearing at least a girdle but I had let the term back brace slip out on a number of occasions and that had pretty much covered, in my mind, what changes in my posture and figure could be noticed through my ever loosening suit. The fact that Estelle had known of every feminine article that had been purchased for me was a bit embarrassing. But before I could even answer the boss called us into her office.

The boss was all smiles when I entered. Estelle had followed me in. "Oh Robin dear. I think you've been avoiding me, and I have been so busy recently that I haven't had the time to pay any social calls to find out how our little experiment is going along. I know that you have been coming in on time, so that something must be working out for you. How is your back doing and are you still making use of all the feminine finery I got you and that back medicine?"

Pardon the pun, but I decided to make a clean breast of my situation. I think it must have been from the psychological changes affected by the female hormones along with the fact I had been shocked by Estelle's revelation that she knew of my escapades in lingerie, and as Estelle apparently knew everything already there was little to hide.

I thought at least I should play up to her as in my condition at the time I was pretty much stuck working for her, so there was no use in complaining. So I told her, "My back is still bothering me, Mrs. Porter. Thanks for asking, and yes I am still wearing much of what you were kind enough to buy me. The girdle and the waist cincher have really been life savors." Then I really piled it on not wanting to give up my lingerie and playing up to my old excuse for having come in late. "I don't think I could get to work on time without them. I can hardly do without them at this stage." Then I had to tell her about the back pills. I was pretty sure she must suspect something. She had probably stopped checking up on me as to let them do their worst without me having her available to question. "Those back pills you got me are great but the side effects are horrendous. I think they must have had some weird effect on my hormones. I've developed breasts and a feminine waistline and the hips and posterior that goes with it. I stopped taking them and that development has started to reverse itself. But it may take some time as things are changing back slowly. Right now my female support garments are almost like standard underwear for me. They fit my figure better than my male ones and I don't think I can do without them. Though with my change of figure they do not fit as well as they used to. Here, just look at this." I finally told her as I removed my sports jacket and grabbed in my shirt and pants to show off my new figure and turned around while doing so as to reveal everything. Of course the actual size of my breast development was still hidden, but one could see I was larger in that area than I had been as a result of the gathered fat and tissue when I had first put on the corselet.

"My word!" She told me and then asked, "Is that you or the garments? Why your figure is a lot curvier than I recall from when you first got into the corselet and waste cincher, and your chest is obviously hanging like small breasts and not like the fleshy pockets you first displayed in your corselet. What's happened here?" She asked as if she had no idea of what could have caused the feminine changes to my figure.

I could only play along as if I did not suspect her game. I told her, "I can only imagine it is a combination of the pills you gave me along with my female support garments."

"Well this is not right." She told me. "You do look kind of cute, but I can't have my one male employee looking like one of the girls. I'm going to telephone my doctor and find out what was in those pills she gave me for your back.... well my back. But first you get over to Marge's and get some new garments, ones that fit your new figure a bit better. I'll give her a call and explain the situation. Estelle, you walk

Robin over and make sure he gets there okay. I can handle my own phone calls for the time being. Now get going.”



I was going to object, but I realized my girdle was killing me. It was a bit too tight for my newly femininely enlarge posterior and hips. The girdle I was wearing was actually cut to a males physic and not to a female's. And since my male proportions had changed so, the girdle had become somewhat more uncomfortable and confining than was necessary. So I thanked Mrs. Porter and let Estelle accompany me to Marge's Corseterium.

## Chapter 11: Return to the Corseterium

When we arrived, Marge was waiting. Mrs. Porter had called and Marge was expecting me. “Robin you come with me into the dressing room so that I can see what sort of problem we have here. Estelle you can come back in an hour to pick the boy up, as we should be done by then at the latest. I don’t want to embarrass the boy.”

Then Marge took me in the back and had me undress down to my support garments. She had already seen everything I had and knew my secret so there was no hiding anything from her. “My word,” she finally exclaimed. “You are fairly busting out of that girdle, I can see the seams spreading and it seems that the waist cincher on the other hand does not have much stretch in it. What has happened here?”

Her curiosity and apparent concern seemed genuine, but what I did not know was that it was part of her act to disarm me so that she could find out just how far I could be pushed into wearing clothing meant for someone who intentionally was caught between genders. Mrs. Porter, upon telephoning her and setting up my appointment with her had already given Marge a fairly detailed description of what had happened to me, and without discussing her new plans for me, had asked her to push me to the limit in terms of cross dressing me in order to see how far I could be pushed in that direction, even to the point of getting me into a dress, if that was possible. And Marge was going to do exactly that. After all her motto was and is anything for a fee.

Without going into all of details I explained, “I think Mrs. Porter slipped me some female hormones in the pills for my back she had supplied and they really did a job on my figure, my get up and go, and my male ego. Nothing seems to bother me much anymore, including this. But with the help of my landlady I was finally able to stop the pills. Whatever my urges, becoming a woman was not one of them.”

“Well, be that as it may. I will have to get you some better fitting support garments. Keep your back to me, for modesty, and strip down to your panties. I have to measure you without all the foundation garments on, to know where we stand.”

I did as I was told. I felt just like a girl being measured for foundation garments. I already knew how tough Marge could be and I stood there in my panties with my back toward her. I could feel the pull of my unsupported breasts and I just felt so girlish standing there like that. My mind was taken to the scene of Catherine Zeta Jones standing before Zorro in just her knickers with her hands crossed in front of her

as the only covering for her breasts. I sort of did the same as a matter of reflex and found myself femininely more comfortable so covered and supported.

Marge measured my new girlish figure with a tape, getting down my hip and waist measurements. "My, what a change," she told me. The proportions are definitely female." I already knew that, but it still upset me a bit, hearing it like that. Then she told me, "I have to measure your chest also dear. You'll have to put your hands down for a moment so I can get a tape around." I did as I was told and Marge took those measurements also. Whether intentionally or not she let her hands brush against my breasts and developing nipples and then let me know about it. "Why your nipples have even thickened. You are in trouble. And you are almost a B cup. I can't believe it. I can hardly believe the changes, and so quickly. But let's get you dressed. So put your camisole back on and let me gather the things for you to try on."

My nipples were already a bit stiff from the embarrassment and when I put on my nylon camisole over my exposed nipples, that did the rest, the sensation was so pleasant and then of course my male self started to react. I just tried to concentrate on a brick wall until I could get a girdle on to cover up my embarrassment, hopefully one of those that Marge stocked for her male clients.

When she returned I turned my back toward her again as I was fairly well exposed standing in just my panties and a camisole. Marge told me, "I have another one of those girdles for you, and the ones I stock for my male clients. This one is for a fellow, who like yourself, has been taking female hormones. But it is for a fellow who wants to show off his new figure, which I am not so sure, is your desire, even if you find the clothing so pleasant. But I have nothing else that would accommodate your maleness comfortably and fit your new filled out figure. If need be we can build on this garment with others, but it is the only one that will give you the type of support you really need while hiding your little problem, assuming you still get a kick from wearing the ladies' dainties."

I knew I had no choice and the girdle she proffered was the girdle for a boy like me. As embarrassing as the admission was by me taking that garment I had to hold out my hand for it and put it on in front of her and there by admitting she was right about my condition. I might lie to Marge about it, but once in my feminine finery without the garment Marge offered my stiffness would be the giveaway, the perfect lie detector. So I stepped into my girdle and pulled it up into place, of course turning red with embarrassment as I did so and thereby further admitting to my condition.

Like the first one this girdle for men held my maleness tight against me and was padded to hide any stiffness, but unlike the one for pre-transitional males this one was cut even tighter where a guy was a guy and not only forced my testes up against me but actually was padded in such a way that once everything was properly positioned so that I was comfortable and the girdle was pulled all the way up and tightly into place, as it had to be to fit correctly, my testes for pushed into me. The female hormones I had been taking probably had something to do with the fact that I could now retract them as the girdle was designed for guys who had taken that step and such fellows would be pleased to have those reminders out of their way. But I was not so pleased.

I was apparently having trouble with the girdle, getting the waste up to my waist as it was not as pliable in that direction as the first, when Marge told me I had to spread my legs and bend at the knees and then pull with one really hard tug in order to get it into position correctly, and then stand up straight at once, so that the waist band would lock everything in place and hold the girdle up properly.

What everything was, I was to find out shortly and to my surprise and initial discomfort. When I did as she told me the girdle did pull right up into position, and at the same time, as it was apparently designed to do, it pushed my testes into me, and then as I stood up whatever opening had accommodated them, closed right up and they were trapped. Trapped until I undressed that evening. The shock hurt at first. But as I walked around I got comfortable with the feeling as I had got to be comfortable with having them pressed flat against me and the feel or lack of feel of a hanging organ on me became part of the turn on of the whole cross dressing affair. It also made it imperative that I continue to relieve myself at night in my customary fashion in order to keep my testes as small as possible.

I could not keep myself from getting excited when dressed and as my testes responded the pressure they exerted could become quite a discomfort. And this girdle for boys could only be properly worn with one's testes carried inside. It was for boys who desperately wanted to feel like girls and would go to almost any lengths to feel like girls.

I let out a wince of pain when everything was in its proper place. Marge let out one of sympathy. "I'm sorry I couldn't warn you." She told me. "But if I did I didn't think you would have the courage to pull it into place. It is not really meant for boys who just like to dress in lingerie, it is for those seeking more thrilling adventures in femininity, and thus take the transitions much further, but it is the only one that would accommodate your new feminine figure and hide your infatuation with feminine lingerie." I got her meaning and didn't say a

word. I could only embarrass myself even more. Though Marge had pretty much seen everything so I may have been past embarrassment with her. But why push it.

However, I was still trying to come up with something to say, some obligatory denial of my obvious, to Marge at least, infatuation with that lingerie, when she simply told me, "Hush, true or not there is nothing to argue about now. We have other things to do, as Mrs. Porter wants you back to work as quickly as possible. So hold up your arms I want you to try this bra, which you can wear after work, as it is much more comfortable than the minimizing style you can try on in a moment and you will have to wear when out and about as a boy. At least until you do something about your breasts...one way or the other." I didn't much like that one way or the other comment and what it may have portended. After all, one-way was to lose them and the other was for my breast to get even larger. My B- could be hidden a bit, but what would I do if I developed to a C size, before the effect of the female hormones began to subside.

So I held up my arms and Marge slid a long line bra, with detached straps onto me, under the camisole I was wearing, and had me lean forward a bit so that my breast would hang into the cups and once she had my breasts comfortable encased in the cups, she hooked it up the back. The cups were a delight against my breast tissue and sensitive nipples and I let out an involuntary sigh as she fastened it into place, to which she could not help take note and comment. "Oh you are in trouble dear. Your breasts are as sensitive as any young girl, and that does not portend good for a boy. But let's get those straps in place and fastened so we can take a good look at ourselves. I think you are in for a surprise." After that she fastened the straps, which she had originally left unattached and hanging. She, removed my camisole to do so,

While she did so I concentrated on the feel and sensations from this new bra of mine. It was another of the garments designed to help a girl who wanted to appear better endowed than she was where a girl wants to be well endowed and could also be used for a male in transition who needed that extra help. The extra help came in the way of satin push up pads filled with silicone that felt just wonderful against my developing breast tissue, especially my thickening nipples and added a half size or so to my breasts and created a cleavage. It was cut so as to show my new cleavage, while my breasts, which filled the rest of the garment, hid the pads.

Once in my new girdle and long line bra, Marge took a step back and gave a whistle. I knew right away that that did not portend well for me. I started to say something, but before I could, Marge turned me

toward a full-length mirror and I let out a gasp of my own. I looked at Marge who was smiling at me. "I think my little panty waist may have bitten off a little more than he will be able to chew, unless he is more of a panty lover than even I thought."

I couldn't believe it; in my new support garments I looked just like a girl, a bit boyish in the face, but just like a girl in the figure. And the shaved legs, which Marge could not help but have noticed, and would comment upon shortly, did not help at all. My corseted and then shrunken waist had since this experience had started been girlish in appearance, but I had covered it up. My expanding hips and seat had been augmenting that look, but held in by my first girdle the change had not been so obvious. My expanding feminine breasts had also been covered.

Now in my new girdle, made to show off a feminine figure and this delightfully feeling bra made to augment and add to that feminine figure, I was at my feminine best and that was apparently good enough to pass as a girl, at least figure wise. I was in shock. I was not really happy, despite my pleasure with the sensations from my new bra and the comfort of my new girdle. My pleasures came from the female clothing and not from the becoming of one. I was happy, more than happy to mince around in the privacy of my apartment in lady's lingerie, but these other changes in my appearance were at that point a bit frightening.

"Robin, I can't get over these changes to your figure. They are quite dramatic. And seeing you like this, I would just love to get you into a slip and dress. I can hardly wait to see how lovely you would look. I have this delightful sailor dress with the cutest pleats that all the cross dressing boys' just love. You know, enough like a little girl's dress to please the boys that lean that way, but adult enough to pass as grownup's outfit. It would be a shame to cover those legs and that figure with pants and men's pants at that. I could have a girlfriend come in to do your hair, it is long enough, and add some makeup and no one could recognize you as a boy. I'm sure Mrs. Porter wouldn't mind at all, especially as she has you working as her receptionist for the time being. And then you could stay in lingerie and more for as long as it continues to fascinate and pleasure you."

"Thanks," I told her, not being in a position to offend anyone. "But I just can't bring myself to wearing a dress or anything else that can't be hidden under my suit. With all these changes the whole experience is beginning to be more of freight than a pleasure. I almost wish that I had never gotten started wearing lingerie."

Marge was quick to answer with, “Then why shave those lovely legs of yours if you don’t want to show them off. And also, unless I am mistaken your nails are filed round like a girl’s nails would be shaped and coated with clear polish. And your hair, though hanging like a male’s has definitely been treated like a female’s judging by the fullness and sheen of it, while your scrubbed lips and face are indicative of someone who has been wearing lipstick and powder and gone to considerable pains to totally remove them. And now that I think about it, why, you’re even moving about a bit femininely. You sort of swish a bit and hold yourself a bit girlishly. Not that I would have brought any of this up, but your denials seem a bit disingenuous and I wouldn’t want you to have any secrets with me.”

There was no hiding anything from this observant woman, who had apparently been helping cross dressers and others for so long that she could read all of this, and so I just simply had to explain, or I was sure I would find myself in a dress and made up as a girl as a punishment for my lies. Marge could be quite insistent in keeping a fellow true to himself and his inclination, as I had learned from my first experience in her shop. Honestly by that time and in the presence of Marge I found that possibility, the possibility of being so exposed completely dressed, not as terrible as I would have found it before this whole cross dressing thing had got going, though it was not the turn on to me as was the lingerie, at least not at that time. I think I was just too frightened of being caught to relax in terms of the total experience of girl’s clothes.

I couldn’t believe I hadn’t realized that Marge would pick up on all of these things, what with her experience with cross dressers. But I didn’t have much of a choice in having to follow her directions any way. So I explained to her, “It’s not my choice. It is part of my therapy. You see, you were right about my attraction to lingerie and when you dressed me so completely it just opened a floodgate that I was having trouble shutting. Then when both my landlady and my boss secretly slipped those female hormones into my diet and my body and mind changed so I quickly found that I was just pleasantly lost in femininity and I was becoming more and more enamored with my femininity and was becoming uncontrollably attracted to the feminine side of living and did not find any of the changes very disturbing, at least not for any length of time. A therapist friend of my landlord diagnosed the problem and as everything she told me was right on target I agreed to this therapy, which includes all the feminine affects you have noticed. Assuming she was right about my situation and me, getting involved in so many feminine and feminizing activities seems to have actually worked. For although I still find myself terribly attracted to the lingerie I

have found some of the other aspects of the female existence more a bother than they are worth.”

Marge interrupted, “Such as shaving your legs, filing and polishing your nails, wearing make-up and caring for your long hair?”

“Exactly,” I told her. The therapist insisted that I was on the road to a becoming a complete female under the dual influence of my fascination and enjoyment of lingerie and the hormones I had been taking. What she told me made sense. She explained the only way not to become so enamored with femininity while under the influence of those female hormones as to lose my male identity was to engage in those more arduous tasks that girls have to do that I might not find as pleasant as dressing up. So my landlady agreed to help and she has me just about living as if I were a young girl learning to be one, as if I were her daughter.”

“She has me taking care of my body as if I were a girl, shaving my legs, doing nails, caring for my hair. The worst is that I have to move about like a girl, sway my hips when I walk, and tucking my legs when I sit, and wearing high heel shoes as soon as I get home. And that is not all. She’s has me engaged in all of these female activities as if I were her daughter, cooking with her, cleaning the house, and she has even taught me to sew. It’s been awful. And then early on when I forget she would punish me by having me put on lipstick and if I continue to forget, then face powder. And then when I seemed to become too comfortable putting that on she added all the other cosmetics, eyeliner, eyebrow pencil, eye shadow, rouge, nail polish, hair cream and other cosmetics. Eventually I she had me make myself up as soon as I got home and every weekend. But at least I know that I never want to be a girl. Wearing lingerie like one is more than enough for me. That I find quite titillating, but the rest is becoming quite a bit of work, which I imagine is the idea behind it.”

But Marge wouldn’t let it go, and I was in her power. “I already think it is too late and that you are only fooling yourself for you will become use to the feminine life style and then I am sure you won’t find it the work that you do now while you consciously have to think about it. And I can see that you are on your way to acting, let’s say appropriately like a girl, even without thinking much about it. But you won’t pass for a boy in that outfit and with that figure, even covered by a suit. But I do stock clothes that my boy-girls wear that can hide some of your curves. But Mrs. Potter would never pay for any of them and such garments can get quite expensive. However, I could work something out if you were a bit more cooperative. So let’s find out if you can be. Here, put this waist nipper garter belt on along with these

stockings and these panties to cover that girdle and I'll be back in a jiffy."

I did as I was told, as I wasn't in much of a position to argue, as I noticed my male clothing had already been removed from the dressing room, and I waited to find out what was coming next.

I wrapped the cincher around my waist and fastened it with the hook and eye closure on the front of the garment. It was a lovely garment of white satin and elastic and well boned and just a tremendous turn on to wear. The garment didn't hold me in; there really wasn't any need for that, my figure was so girlish. It was more for effect and to hold up my stockings. So my panties followed, a lovely white pair, also of heavy satin. Then I put on my stockings, beige nylon, and threaded the garters through my panties and attached the stocking to them, an action I had grown used to from constant practice.

Marge returned and stood there admiring me once again. "I can't believe how far along you have come since I first had the pleasure of dressing you and introducing you to the pleasure of soft feminine finery, by putting you in lingerie for the first time. That is I assume for the first time."

I started to mumble a denial, but Marge wasn't interested and continued. "Now hold your hands up and let me also be the one to introduce you to the next step. Now close your eyes and don't say a word or I will send you back to work just like this. And don't think for a minute that I would not."

So I did as I was told. I had been getting use to that. What with Mrs. L. having her way ordering me around. Marge dropped a slip and the short sailor dress over my extended arms and me before I knew what was happening and had them in place with the zipper up before I could resist. Also the dreamy feeling of the satin slip falling into place and caressing the back of my stocking legs with a layer of satin dress over it prevented me from acting quickly; not that it would have done much good. The slip was an expensive one made of satin and the dress was also made of that material. Nylon felt delightful, but there was no comparison to the feel of satin. It was a cute number for a boy-girl, cut to just below thigh height and reminiscent of a flapper's short dress, especially being made of satin. The feel of the satin, the satin dress on top of the satin slip cascading down over my head and body just made it impossible to resist and I could not stop Marge. Then she ran her hands down my side over that satin casing and I was frozen in ecstasy and she knew it. It was then easy enough for her to zip me up and I was trapped.



She then faced me toward the mirror and I was awe struck at the image I made. All dressed in satin and in my short sailor styled flapper dress, I sort of looked like Tony Curtis when he played the cross dressing role in "Some Like It Hot", but I looked more like a girl than he ever did. Marge didn't say a word, but she had me step into a pair of black satin high heels, which matched my black satin dress and then stood back to have a look, while I was still staring at myself in the mirror. Marge hence got a full view of me, my front reflected in the mirror and my shapely posterior from her direct view of my back, all encase in shimmering black satin.

I also stared for a while. It was a lovely first dress for me. All in black satin with white stripping on the sailor collar that hung down the back, a short pleated skirt, and it zippered on the back. And the zipper closed it tight to my body so that I could really feel it against my satin slip and satin panties I wore over my girdle, and on the satin panels of the girdle.

I was somewhat in shock with all the satin sensations and wearing my first dress. Mentally it was nothing like the negligee and sensually it was miles above it, when Marge told me, "Now walk around dear. I want to see how the dress hangs on you. And do it like a lady. I know you can. Like you would do it at home. Or I will have you out of the shop dressed as you are! As much as I would hate to embarrass you, in public that is."

So I sashayed around a bit and did as I had been told, like a girl, moving from the hips and walking with one high heeled foot being placed in front of the other and holding my arms angled femininely and then capping that off by finally sitting down, when Marge brought me into her office and offered me a chair, in a feminine fashion, tucking my legs and smoothing the seat of my dress as I sat down and then holding my hands in my lap. Doing all the things Mrs. L had taught me as a counter measure to my attraction to all that was girlish, all the things I had found so uncomfortable and boring to learn. However this time the whole experience was different and terrible frightening. The feel of the additional female outer clothing, all of satin, was much the same turn on for me, as had been the lingerie I had originally gotten so off on. So, now I had found that even the outer garments could act as a turn on, if made of any of those luscious materials. What was I becoming? I was just getting dragged deeper and deeper into drag, and I wasn't kicking and screaming about it.

"That was very nice," Marge told me. "I am really very impressed. And I enjoyed it. You see I have a little secret too. That is my little secret. I do so enjoy dressing you boys as girls and watching you convincingly mince around in high heels, knowing what is really under all that feminine finery. You should know that I hold an occasional tea party on the weekends for my male clients and they all dress for the occasion. It is such fun I would really like to have you over and introduce you to my other boy-girl friends. But of course that can wait until you are more comfortable with this role. And I am sure that is just where you are heading; despite any so called aversion training you may be receiving. But enough of me, let's get back to you. Are you sure you don't want me to send for my cosmetician and a hairdresser so that we can complete the effect and I can return you to Mrs. Porter properly dressed for your figure and make every one's life less

complicated. You realize there is no turning back for you despite the therapist's efforts. I can see right here by your response to a satin dress that there is really no turning back for you. You may be able to resist a cotton dress, but satin will always be your weakness, no matter what you may have to go through to be allowed to wear it!"

I didn't want to argue the point, as I did not want to egg Marge on to a point where she might not consider my wishes and only wish to make her point and so would forcibly make me go through with what she offered. So I told her, "You are probably right, but as for now I would appreciate it greatly if you did not try to prove it to me and would just let me discover it on my own. Besides, even as an apparent girl, this is not an appropriate business outfit for my job. So for now I would just like to return to work looking like a guy and I would appreciate any help in that regard. You know, any of that lingerie that would aid in masculinizing my girlish figure and hide all the changes. But I will think about your offer and the 'tea parties'".

Marge wasn't too happy, but she complied. She told me, "I really think it is just a matter of time, before your true nature is fully expressed, so nothing would be gained by us rushing things. So whatever makes you comfortable makes me comfortable."

So I wound up changing out of that outfit, which she packed up for me and charged to Mrs. Porter under some description that did not reveal its' true nature. She supplied me with a different bra, one that minimized my two problems rather than uplifting them. However, that too was lined with satin and the feel of it against my sensitive nipples was still delightful and quite a turn on.

Also, there was an additional waist belt, this one padded out to fill in my curvaceous feminine waist and move the waist line back down to its' former male location.

Finally there was a tight girdle to hold in my expanded hips and butt. However, that she packed to go, with the other garments she gave me to take home, as after trying it on I found it a bit too tight to be comfortable and so she suggested I try to do without it. As the expression goes, my girdle was killing me, and I agreed. So packages in hand and my figure looking a bit more like a male I met Estelle, who walked me back to the office.

However, before I left, Marge told me, and at the time it seemed like upon a second thought but was really part of Mrs. Porter's new plan for me, "You know with your new figure you will really need more items than you have here, just for business wear. Those changes are not going to go away any time soon. You can't be wearing the same items every day you know, one day they won't be dry on time and

then you will be in a pinch. And judging from your reaction to satin slips and dresses and how delightful you look in them, I have a number of outfits along those lines that you might have some fun with and you might be more comfortable trying them on in the privacy of your apartment where you could test yourself and emotions in privacy. So leave those packages here and I will speak with Mrs. Porter and find out how supportive she will be and how much she values this little experiment of hers. I'll send these packages over to your apartment along with anything else Mrs. Porter is willing to cover."

I didn't really want to take the lingerie and worst of all the short satin sailor dress back to work and so I agreed to that plan, more for the delivery of the packages with all that feminine finery that I would have been obliged to carry around with me than in the hope of obtaining any additional garments, let alone what I actually wound up receiving.

## Chapter 12: My Pants Give Away my Feminine Posterior

We got back to the office at about lunchtime so that most of the staff was out. As it turned out I should have worn that girdle because as soon as I got back to the reception area and sat down the seat of my pants ripped wide open, exposing my satin panties, a most embarrassing situation for a supposed guy, to say the least. Fortunately for me, as it was lunchtime, no one happened to be around. Estelle was very sweet about the problem and offered to help. She ushered me into the executive washroom and had me give her my pants so that she could bring them to a local tailor. I did not want to go out and be exposed in the lingerie I was wearing under my pants. However, the telephone started to ring, every time she tried to leave. It was already the busy time of the day for the receptionist, who had to cover the phones at lunchtime. Then she came up with a suggestion.

She told me, "Let's change clothes. We are about the same size. I can walk around in male clothing and no one will look twice and if they do I couldn't care in the least. You can stay up here in my outfit and answer the phones, most likely no one will be back so soon. And if staff does return it will be because they are in a rush, and as long as you stay behind the reception desk, no one will pay much attention to you or get a very good look at you."

I was hesitant, but didn't think under the circumstances that I had much of a choice. I wore woman's slacks at home, so that aspect was not shocking. It was wearing them so publicly that I had to get used to. But I did not really have much of a choice and so I handed out my

pants and she handed in hers. Of course they were a lot softer than my male trousers being made of rayon, a fabric more commonly used in female clothing. Also they hung a bit differently. They didn't fit right at first and Estelle had to remind me they zippered up the back, as the lady's pants I had been wearing at home only had side zippers.

Once I had them turned around they fit well enough over my girlish posterior and hips, much better than my male pants had, but I still could not get them zippered, as they were too tight in the waist for me, my waist with the added padding was larger than I had thought. Then I remembered I just started wearing that padded garment around my waist to fill it out once again to male proportions. So I took it off and was easily able to zipper up the back of my new pants and fasten them closed. They fit like they had been made for me. However, they were cut tight in the seat, waist and hips while the legs hung down loosely. That had a new feel to it. They actually felt very nice over my feminine lingerie and figure, much more comfortable than my male trousers.

When I first zippered the pants closed the feeling was very strange, having the zipper in the back and the pants closing so tightly around me, sort of hugging my figure. But, once closed, the gripping sensation against my pants slip was very nice as it caused it to press and slide against my panties and satin girdle. Then there was the shock of looking down and seeing that I looked just like a female where I was still a male. I was completely flattened by that special girdle and the girl's pants showed that flatness. I was a bit meaty due to the padding around my thing, but none-the-less it was a female appearing bulging and definitely not that of a male.

I came out. My own shirt was tucked in and the outline of the tails could be seen pressing against the material of my pants, or should I say Estelle's pants that I was wearing. In any case Estelle told me we would also have to exchange shirts that is my shirt for her blouse. She explained she needed something with a tail to cover the rip in my pants that she was wearing, so that her underwear would not be exposed. The blouse she was wearing was worn outside of the trousers and cut much shorter than my shirt. So the whole thing certainly made sense, at least at that time. And so we exchanged my shirt for her blouse. She got the shirt on right away, though did have some difficulty with the buttons, as shirts for males and females button differently. Again I had her garment on backward trying to put it on with the buttons on in front.

"Silly boy," she told me. "One would think you would have learned from the pants. I am an old fashioned girl and my clothing is girlish. Things close up the back. Here let me help you." And she took the

blouse and put it on me in the correct fashion and buttoned it up the back. Again it felt very nice against my lingerie. It was also of a soft material, cut high on the neck and with sleeves that billowed out a bit. However, it was partially see through and my camisole, which had been hidden by my heavier male shirt, could be seen through the softer blouse.

When I showed my concern about being so exposed she supplied me with the jacket that went with her pants suit and she took mine. The jacket covered most of the problem, but not all of it. But I really had little choice in the matter by that point. However, the jacket was of course femininely cut and hugged my feminine figure showing it off while my male jacket had hung from the shoulders and had hidden my altered figure.

Looking at myself in Estelle's outfit, I realized that in certain aspects I really looked just like a girl, at least in terms of my figure. I filled out her trousers perfectly with all my curves in the right places. Of course I was small breasted, but my budding breasts did show with her blouse and jacket on. Those assets, which had been well hidden under my male garments, were now exposed in my girl outfit. My face still remained boyish, but nonetheless soften from all the hormones I had taken and didn't help that situation. I slunk behind the receptionist's desk and tried to make myself look small and inconspicuous. I told Estelle, "Please get the pants repaired as soon as possible, before people start coming back from lunch."

Estelle laughed and told me. "I will, but don't worry. I will leave my makeup with you. You can simply put on a bit of make-up and then you tell everyone that you are not you, but some temp girl hired for the day." Then giggling a bit more she continued, "Oh and by the way, here is a ribbon for your hair, to complete your transformation."

I told her, "Thanks, but no thanks. Just please hurry."

Of course at first I was very nervous being so dressed at the office. My word, not only was I wearing girl's underwear, with which I was oh so comfortable, but also now I was also wearing a woman's pants suit, complete with a see through blouse. But after a while I calmed down and found the outfit very comfortable. Strangely I found it much more comfortable than my male cut suit. This outfit was a femininely cut one, which so suited my now feminized body. The outfit fit my shape and didn't pull on me and it was just lighter and smoother to the touch than my suit. So after a while, despite the fact I was still embarrassed and scared to shame of being found so dressed by my fellow employees, I felt very nice and comfortable in Estelle's outfit.

Meanwhile Estelle didn't return quickly, at least it did not seem so as the time passed slowly and I sat there answering the telephone in a voice that was becoming more and more feminine as I became more and more frightened of being found out by the rest of the staff so dressed.

The boss returned first. She didn't really give me a second look and I began to relax, feeling I was pretty safe from detection because as Estelle had predicted no one was going to pay much attention to me. I remembered the saying that sometimes a thing can be well hidden in plain view.

Then the boss called me on the intercom and addressing me as Estelle, asked me to bring her in a cup of coffee from the office coffee machine. She was having her lunch in the office while reviewing some work that had to get out right away, and had only gone out as Estelle and I had been out and so she had no one to send. She had brought back a sandwich to eat in her office and had forgotten to pick up a coffee on her way in. She had already started the review and did not want to lose her place.

I had never had a problem doing that sort of menial stuff, whether in my job description or not. It was one of the reasons I was well liked and so whether the boss thought that I was Estelle or I, I didn't have a problem getting her a cup of coffee. However, I was stalling the boss hoping that Estelle would get back. I told her, trying to sound as much like Estelle as I could, that I was brewing her a fresh pot and did just that. Now that worked for a while but it reached a point there was no getting around it, I would have to bring that coffee into her and so dressed as I was, I fetched that cup of coffee and brought it into the boss. I just hoped she would be so engaged in reviewing those papers that she wouldn't look up. It was one of the longest walks of my life.

I was much relieved when she actually did not look up and ignored me as I left the coffee on her desk and I thought I was making a good getaway. Unfortunately for me, once again in life I had done a better job than I should have done and the result was not a reward. For when she took a taste of the coffee it was so good that she looked up to complement me and caught a glimpse of me before I could make my escape. She let out a whistle and asked me to turn around and come back. I did so hesitantly.

"First of all, let me tell you what a great cup of coffee this is. From now on you are to make my coffee and no one else. I like it fresh brewed just like this. You are so efficient for a guy. Or sort of a guy I guess." She continued, "Secondly, let me tell you what I really have to

apologize for and figure out a way to make up to you. I should have told you as soon as I walked in, but I did not really recognize you at the front desk and thought you were Estelle, after all that is her outfit, unless I am mistaken. I certainly know it is not what you were wearing when I sent you over to Marge's earlier. I talked with my doctor and she told me that the medicine she prescribed did contain female hormones in it, though not enough to have changed you as much as you have changed. That is unless you had some tendency for the change or underlying conditions. She thought they were for me and was trying to sneak them into my medication regimen as I had turned them down on a number of occasions. But in any case, she is willing to see you and has assured me that your feminization should reverse as you stop taking the medications. Though she couldn't tell me off hand how long that might take, as a lot depends on your own body chemistry."

"But then again you seem to have come up with a solution on your own which should work well for all parties. Yes, we just have to do something with your hair and then with a bit of makeup you will make a perfect receptionist dressed just as you are in clothing that seems to fit you very well. I just cannot believe how much like girl you look. In the suit you were wearing this morning I could still tell there were major problems, but it certainly was not as flattering to your figure as Estelle's pants suite is on you. I am sure by the time the receptionist recovers and gets back, your body will be back to normal and you can go back to interning. Until then you might as well continue to fill in for the receptionist and as you look so feminine you might as well continue to dress as a woman and no one will know the difference. Estelle is such a clothes horse I am sure she has a load of other outfits she would also be happy to lend to you."

I was a bit shocked at that. Dressing me in lingerie was one thing, but adding to that the woman's outerwear and then asking me to pass myself off as the receptionist was pushing the thing a bit, or so I thought. So I explained to her, "To make a long story short I ripped my pants and Estelle lent me hers and then due to other problems, I wound up wearing most of the rest of her outfit, while she took my pants out to get them mended. I only wish she'd get back so I can change. It is really to embarrassing being dressed like this."

Just then Estelle walked in. My clothes weren't on her or carried by her. "Estelle, where is my suit?" I asked. She explained, "They're still with the tailor. Fixing them is going to be a problem and he can't have them ready right away. Apparently they have been let out a couple of times already and there isn't enough material left to let them out again, and another rip over the same area would make them

impossible to repair. The tailor has to send for some matching material in order to make a lasting repair, and that might take a couple of days to get. Luckily I had an outfit with him that he had altered for me and I was able to change into it, and so you can continue to use mine till I can get you home. That is unless Mrs. Porter has an objection. Though I don't see how she could, you do look so sweet in my outfit."

Before I could get a word in, the boss told Estelle, "That is actually fine and works out for me. Let's experiment a bit. I want to see if Robin can fool our customers as readily as he fooled me, partially out of just plain curiosity and partially out of necessity. Perhaps we can turn this bit of unfortunate circumstances, Robin's bout with female hormones and their feminizing effects on him to our advantage, at least while those effect last and Robin appears so feminine. He was actually beginning to look a little silly in a man's suit and he really looks so much better and more natural dressed as he is in this very becoming female pants suite. Why, I actually thought he was you, but I hadn't taken a good look. I would prefer that Robin would try to finish off the day dressed as he is and continue filling in for the receptionist, while appearing to be a girl, and not just appearing as one, but acting as much as a girl as he can. Let's find out if he can carry it off. I am very happy with his work as the receptionist and would like him to continue to fill in until she gets back. I would really prefer to have someone who knows our business directing people and I don't think a temporary could do that as well as Robin should be able to. It works out better if we have a female receptionist, clients are always more comfortable with a girl rather than a boy greeting them. I don't think it should be a problem for him and I will talk to the staff about cooperating with our little masquerade game."

I was in shock and couldn't even reply. The boss continued, "And Robin dear, there is a substantial raise in it for you, as long as you are filling in for the receptionist. She does earn more than an intern and all things considered you should at least be paid as much as she. Also, any additional expenses your new status creates for you will be considered business expenses payable by the company. Just keep the receipts."

Now the thought of a raise did not make me any more eager to assume the role of the receptionist as a female impersonator, but it did cause me to keep my mouth shut and not refuse it out right. After all I was already dressed from the skin out in female clothing and had nowhere to hide and nowhere to go, and did not want to aggravate any one, who seemed pleased with my condition, under those circumstances. It would be a long walk home dressed as I was, so I

did not refuse outright, but told the boss, "I am not sure about all of this, but let me give it a fair try and finish out the day like this and I will get back to you tomorrow in regard to continuing the masquerade."

"That's fine," replied the boss. Think about it. It should work out well for you until your body gets back to normal, because right now you really look more like a woman than a man, a masculine woman, but a woman none-the-less. And I imagine based upon the size of your hips that your chest must be much more developed, let's say, than it appears so that your chest is probably bound... and let me tell you that you will feel much more comfortable in the proper fitting bra than being bound." I blushed terribly, which gave her the answer to that one.

Then Mrs. Porter continued, but talking with Estelle. "I need a little of an assist here from you. I know you like working with Robin, even more than with the receptionist we have, let alone any temps, so if you help out, you may most likely get him for the month. If this doesn't work out we are back to temps. I know that you are a clotheshorse and are always giving your stuff to charity and as you and Robin appear to be the same size, it would help if you could lend him some outfits that are on their way out. It would save him a lot of embarrassment of having to shop for himself and save the company some money. Obviously this is a temporary condition both for Robin and the company and once he has returned to his normal self, then the clothing could go to charity and you would still get that benefit also."

Estelle smiled, apparently at the thought of me in her clothing, and told Mrs. Porter. "It would be a pleasure to share my clothes with Robin under any circumstances, though I can understand he might not be so happy about it, even in his current situation. The thought of him wearing my things is certainly more pleasant for me than the thought of a stranger wearing them, regardless of any tax savings. So let's try to make the best of a strange situation. And as you pointed out I do enjoy working with him and do enjoy his company. Let's just see if I can convince him to stay dressed and share some of my outfits, at least until his body normalizes.

As you so well pointed out he does look so much better in my outfit than he did in his own. He simply no longer has the body to keep a man's suit properly filled out. Yes, I think I can do just a little with his hair, and perhaps a little makeup, maybe just some lipstick if he is skittish about it, and he will certainly make a convincing enough young female receptionist. Let me have a talk with him. I am sure I can convince him to at least give it a try. It really should be a lot of fun for everyone if we don't get so serious about it. You can tell the staff that

you are insisting he does it, let's say as some sort of experiment, and that should take the onus off of him, so he won't be so embarrassed."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Porter, without waiting for me to chime in with my opinion on what I was being asked to do, again making me feel like a little girl. "I'll tell the staff that this is an experiment for an article I am writing for a management magazine and if any one takes issue with it they should come speak to me about it as I will be most chagrined if Robin becomes upset and does not go through with it. Yes that should do quite well in protecting every ones feelings and good name. Yes, Estelle you have a talk with Robin and do what has to be done and we'll see how he feels about the whole thing by tomorrow."

With that last comment Estelle pulled me out of the boss's office and once outside in the receptionist area, sort of laid down the law. She explained that there was more to the situation then I realized or then could be explained to me at this time, and I had really let myself in for it when I had let the boss take me into Marge's. But in any case the boss would never let me go and that I would be interning there forever unless she intervened and she would only do so if I cooperated and helped her out by remaining in reception until the real girl returned.

She told me that the boss wanted me there and would never give me a decent recommendation, which would get me a real job. However, as all of that went through her, she could change those records and would do so if I just helped her out with the current situation, at least until my normal figure returned. Dressed as I was and needing a lift home, I saw no choice but to agree, at least temporarily, until I could get to my male clothing at home, and so I agreed.

I let her change my male-coifed hair held in a male style ponytail to that of a female's, coifed in a female styled pony tail to which she added bangs by combing my more than ample front hair down over my forehead and cutting it into feminine bangs just above my eyebrows. Then she went to put a bit of lipstick on my lips.

I resisted, very embarrassed at having her do it. But she gave me a look that told me she would not take my nonsense and told me, "I can tell lips that have been scrubbed as to remove makeup. From the distance I didn't notice, but from this close I can tell that your lips and your skin have been pretty much so scrubbed. And those nails of yours, not that I think about it, are filed like a girl's, not a males, and polished to boot. So perhaps you should just go along with this here, as you must have been doing somewhere else so that doesn't become an issue. Who knows what Mrs. Porter would want you to do if she thought you were masquerading someplace else? Why she

would probably insist on full facial make over and not just a bit of lipstick.” And so with that I stopped resisting and let her cover my lips with that cosmetic while explaining how it was done so that I could refresh it if need be. Then, once done she gave me the tube as a gift. She told me, “From one girl to another,” and laughed. The effect was amazing and the transformation was complete. I really looked like a girl, still a bit boyish in my features, but nonetheless, more of a girl than a boy. I went back to work and finished the day as a female receptionist and for all appearances no one was the wiser. Of course the staff had been so apprised by Mrs. Porter that they were to deal with me as if nothing was out of the usual, and if anyone had any intention of to bring any attention to my changed status they did not do so in front of me that day, though it would come up later.

And I actually found that I felt a bit more comfortable out in the open so to speak, not having to hide all the changes, which had occurred to me but sort of hiding them in plain view under the guise of this experiment for Mrs. Porter. And finally I could luxuriate in my female lingerie, which had become such a turn on for me and could allow myself to enjoy my newly discovered female outerwear as well. The entire feel of wearing all of that and being out in the open was actually somewhat pleasant to say the least. Strangely enough, I had the strains of ‘I enjoy being a girl’ running through my mind. Then when Mrs. Porter presented me with my bonus check I found another thought from ‘Some like it Hot’, popping into my mind, the scene in which the Jack Lemon character after being wined and dined in his female character by an elderly admirer decides he might be better off, if not as a female, at least living as one.

### Chapter 13: Estelle Outfits Robin & Takes Him to buy Hi-heels and Stockings

By the end of the day I was fairly comfortable in my new persona. None of the girls had said anything untoward to me, and all of the girls actually seemed quite accepting of the situation and my apparent change of gender, and in fact some seemed quite enthralled and happy with me in new my girl persona.

Of course Estelle offered to drive me home so that we could stop at her place and she could help me out with my wardrobe by sharing hers with me, as had been arranged by Mrs. Porter. I was not so comfortable with the new me that I could parade around in public as such, thought that was to come, so the offer of a drive home, regardless of stops in between was agreeable. And besides I thought, I did not have to wear the stuff she supplied, I just had to take it home

with me, little did I realize that too was incorrect and Estelle would make sure that I wore her clothing given to me.

At her place she filled a large suitcase with what were then her cast offs. She would pick something out and look at me and holding the item up, decide in her words, if it were me or for me or not. Often she would embarrassingly have me hold something in front of myself, so she could get an idea if it were me or not. As it turned out, just about everything was me and for me. And she didn't just supply me with a number of business styled pants suits and blouses, but gave me a smattering of everything from her wardrobe and outer clothes for all sorts of occasions. So she supplied me with skirts, dresses, sweaters, and even bathing suites, and styles for leisure wear and special occasions as well as for business. She really supplied me with a lot of very nice clothing and for all appearances didn't make a dent in her collection.

When I objected to the size of the suitcase and the quantity of clothing she was packing in it for me, she shushed me, telling me, "A girl should have as large a wardrobe as her closets can hold. When we get to your place I will do the unpacking and whatever doesn't fit, I will gladly take back. But in a case like this, better too much than too little, as I can always bring things back with me. And I am not giving you the suitcase, only the contents."

I also objected to the variety of the items, telling her, "Estelle I think you may be going overboard here. Not that I don't appreciate all your help it is just that I don't think the intent here is that I become a full time girl. I just needed some pantsuits for the office." Estelle told me, "Not to worry dear. You don't have to use all these things; I just want the boss to know I am fully cooperating. Besides it gives me an excuse to pad the list. I wouldn't want to lie about what I gave you, but there is no way I could know if you were going to use everything I supplied or not."

## Chapter 14: Shopping With Estelle

And if all that was not enough, on the way home we stopped a shoe store and then the cosmetics counter at the local department store, where I had to pretend to be a girl, but I was sure people knew I was not, and I just died of embarrassment.

Estelle marshaled me out of the car and had me in the mall before I realized what was going on, as hard as that might be to believe, as I was really out of it by the time she finally was taking me, or supposedly, taking me home. And then before I realized what Estelle

was doing, she had me trying on woman's shoes right there in the store. There was no gracefully backing out of it. It really didn't matter much since at that point I pretty much looked more like a girl than a guy. She sat me down and took off my shoes, which were for men obviously and then my male socks and took them both with her, leaving me there with my nylons exposed and looking as a woman in any case. I had already been shaving my legs and feet under Ms. L's aversion therapy and so hairy feet were not to give me away. Once more my nails were polished as part of my forced makeup ritual and I typically was lazy about removing what could, or so I thought, not be seen. Estelle obviously took note of those conditions by a smile that appeared on her face after she had removed my socks. Her smile made me blush terribly and she knew that I was in her power. She told me in a whisper, "I am so glad we stopped, your feet are just too dainty for those heavy shoes, what with that lovely polish and shaved legs. Why didn't you tell me?" I just blushed and she left me there.

She returned with a salesgirl and she did not have my shoes and socks with her, they were gone, never to return. The salesgirl had only with a number of "flats", woman's low heeled shoes which Estelle told me would be suitable for work with my current outfits. Not having any other foot wear to wear and being confronted with the salesgirl who obviously was anxious to have me try on all the shoes and make the sale, found myself glad Estelle had not returned with high heel shoes, which I did not put beyond her. Estelle then had the salesgirl fit several pairs on me and found a number she liked for me. My feet were a tad big and muscular for a "girl" of my size, but being shaved and with nails polished the salesgirl must have just assumed I was one of those big boned girls cursed with large feet. She spent most of her time with my feet and not looking at my face, so my somewhat masculine features were apparently not a giveaway. Estelle took all of the shoes that fit, which she charged on the company account, and I wore one pair out, as she had not returned my own shoes. Nor had she returned my socks, so that I was wearing the shoes right over my nylon's, which while not a new sensation thanks to Mrs. L's training, doing it in public was.

But that was not the end of it. On the way out of the mall we also stopped at a department store to pick out, according to Estelle some lipstick for me that would suit me better than the one she had given to me. I could have told her that I already had plenty of my own, but did not want to have to explain that, and all though I begged and I pleaded to be taken home, she was insistent. She told me, "Dear, if you are going to pass for a girl at work you just have to have some lipstick that suits you. After all, we want the customers looking at your made-up lips and not other aspects of your face that might give you

away. Now don't we?" And what she said unfortunately did make some sense and I thought well it would only be some lipstick. Little did I know?

Then while we stood in front of the cosmetics counter Estelle called over a salesgirl, the cosmetician over and questioned her on a suitable color for her tomboy niece. I was pretty sure the girl could tell I wasn't, perhaps it was just nerves, I did look pretty much like a girl at that point, but in any case she certainly played along, at least for a while. I later realized that she wanted to make the sale and did not really care about the gender of the buyer, only the color of the money. I thought I would die and wanted to run, but was too afraid to as I had no place to go dressed as I was and was also afraid to speak, once the clerk was there as of course I did not want to be forced to talk in front of the female clerk and simply stood there and let Estelle have her way and her fun.

After removing my old color I was obliged to put on the one the salesgirl suggested and Estelle had purchased for me. Then Estelle went to town, so to speak. She told the cosmetician, "You know that shade is so much better on her, perhaps you could suggest some other items to match? I do so want my niece to appear as appropriate for a girl her age." With that the cosmetician seeing a big sale even if she suspected due to some of my facial features if I was a guy, didn't care if I was a guy or not and completely made me up, from a foundation out in that overstated fashion only a department store cosmetician or a teenage girl can do. Estelle loved every minute of it and I couldn't say a word, only a thank you when she was done.

Estelle really had her fun. It seems a thing that woman like to do when they have a forced cross-dressed guy in their power. When the cosmetician was done she really put me on the spot. And that process was punishment enough as it seemed we were there forever, as the girl explained how everything was put on and how to match the shades and as I was afraid to speak and merely would mumble assent, that I understood, I could not tell her to hurry up as even if I am a guy I do know how to put this stuff on. The real embarrassment of course came as she explained how to use shading and colors to cover and draw attention away from my somewhat masculine features. At one point she held my hands, which were still a bit rough for a girl's and sort of stroking them told me, "No need to be shy dear, all the girls are a bit nervous their first time at the makeup counter. But I am sure you will get used to it. Especially after you see how sweet we will make you look and how lovely and absolutely feminine you will be when properly made up." I thought I would die as she told me and as the other woman around the counter looked on. And of course she

smiled a bit when she made those comments and passed along those tips, and I was sure she guessed I was really a guy, but there was nothing to be done, I was trapped. However, I did learn several tricks that Ms. L. had not taught me.

So she did eventually finish and Estelle had me looking at myself in the mirror and told, "Oh Robin you do look so different. The cosmetics are a real improvement, aren't they dear?" I knew I had to answer and so making my voice as feminine as possible and speaking as low as I could, I told her, "Yes, Aunt Estelle. Thank you so much." But that was not the end of it. Estelle insisted, "Oh don't just thank me, thank my girlfriend Maria, your cosmetician." I turned red, even under my blush, if that was possible.

I thought to myself, what had Estelle told her and did the cosmetician really know all along? But at that point it hardly mattered and I had to answer. So in a somewhat feminine husky voice I expressed my appreciation. Then she again took my hands and smiling and looking me in the eye told me, "It was my pleasure Robin." And I though, she knows my name. She knows I am a guy. And I must have turned even redder. Well she must have read my mind, and she told me, "Sweet heart, you shouldn't be embarrassed. Estelle told me about the situation you are in and asked for my help. She didn't think you would volunteer for a makeover and so we arranged this. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. You look lovely. I just can't believe how much like a girl you look and act and how brave you are about it. You are a natural for this. Please don't be embarrassed. You have no reason to hide. By the way your next lesson we can do in private. We just had to get you over this bump so to speak." With that she gave me a kiss on the cheek and I could only thank her again in as feminine a voice and fashion as I could muster.

But Estelle did not let it end there. Once that was over she had Maria continue to help me and select the rest of my feminine toiletries and sundries before she would take me home. And so I left with everything imaginable from bath oil and brushes to ribbons for my hair.

End of Book 2